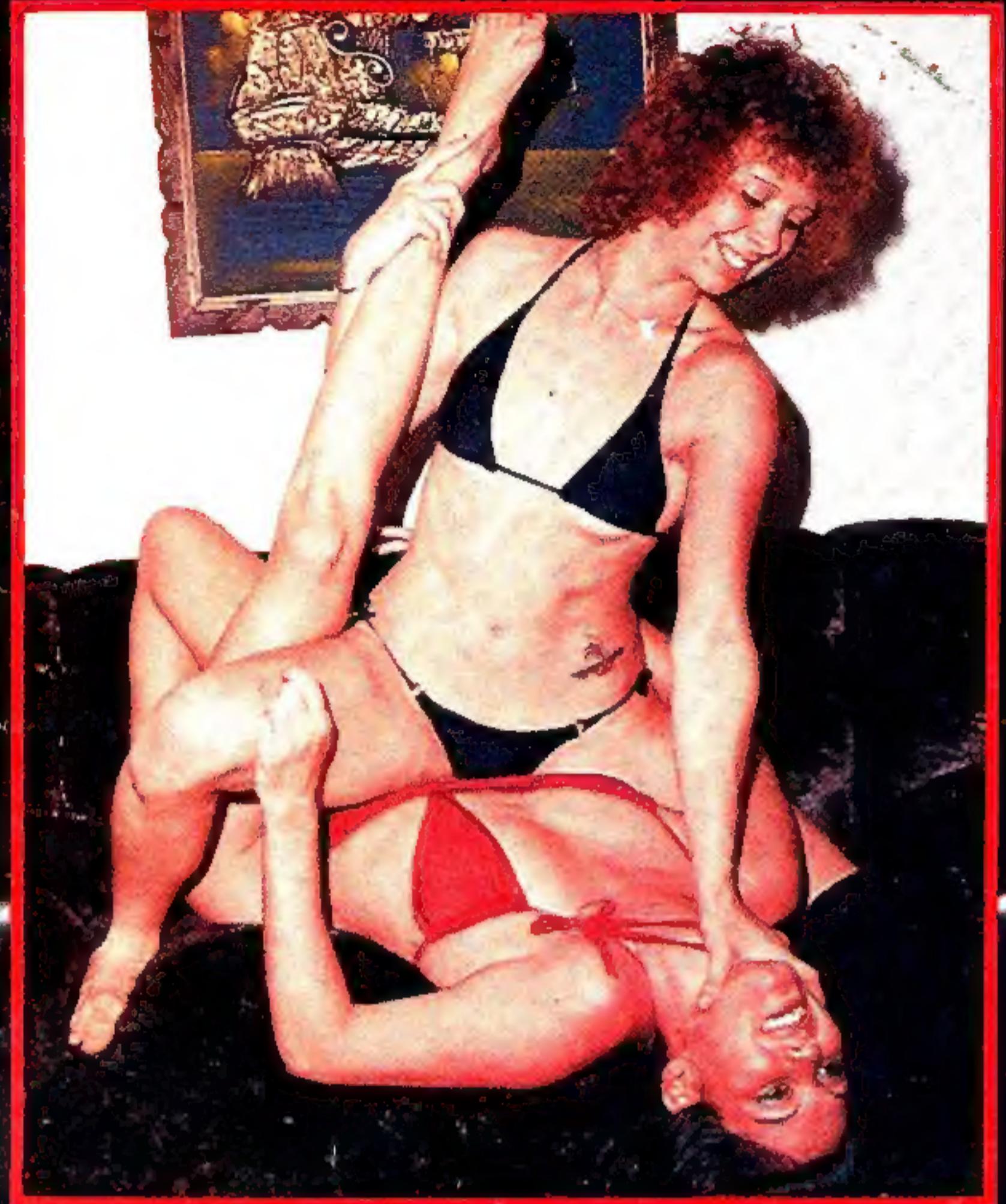


SPORTS REVIEW

June 1981

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Wrestling



APARTMENT WRESTLING'S MILLION DOLLAR WILDCAT

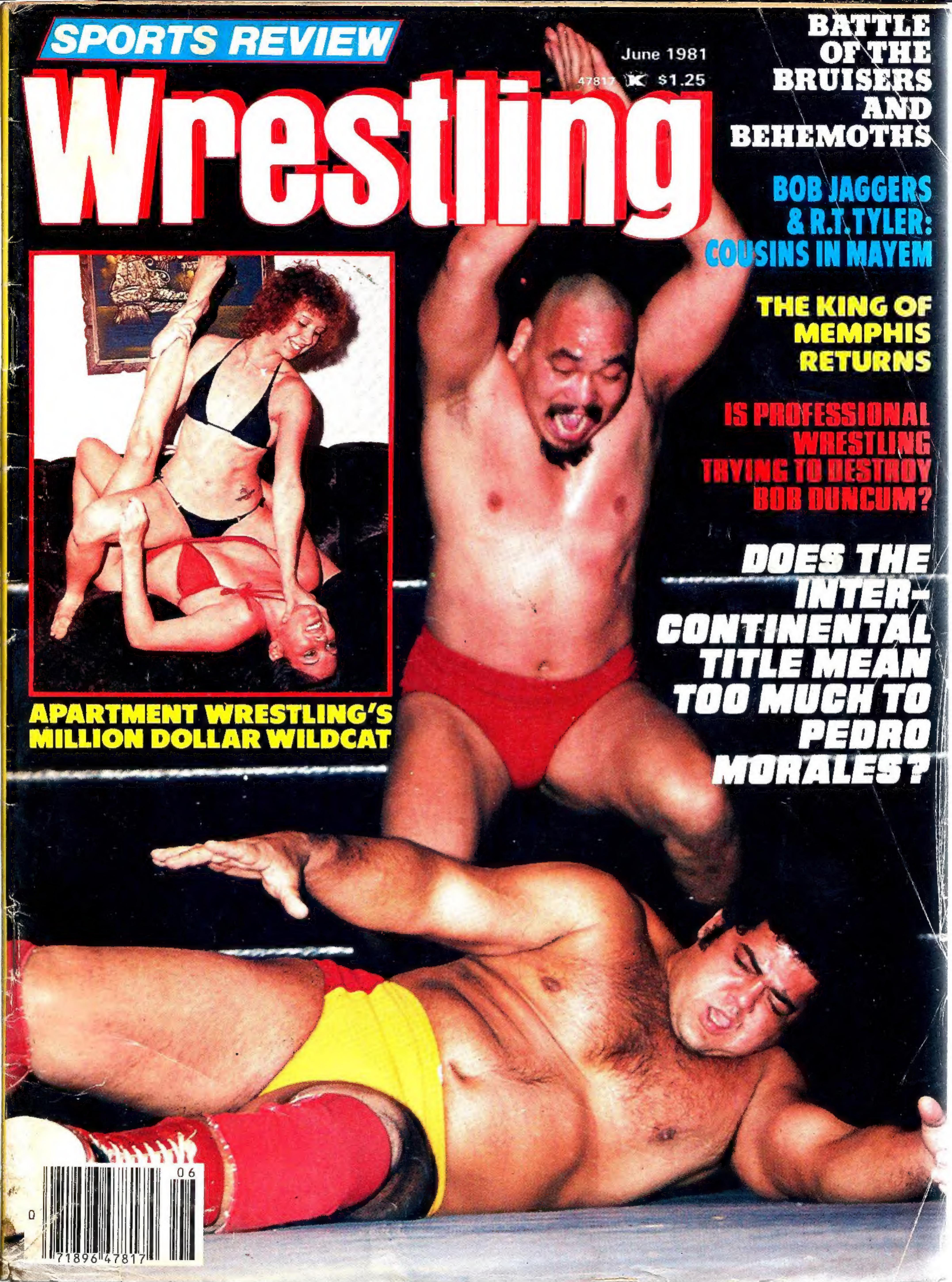
**BATTLE
OF THE
BRUISERS
AND
BEHEMOTHS**

**BOB JAGGERS
& R.T. TYLER:
COUSINS IN MAYEM**

**THE KING OF
MEMPHIS
RETURNS**

**IS PROFESSIONAL
WRESTLING
TRYING TO DESTROY
BOB DUNCUM?**

**DOES THE
INTER-
CONTINENTAL
TITLE MEAN
TOO MUCH TO
PEDRO
MORALES?**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

- 1—HULK HOGAN
- 2—STAN HANSEN
- 3—KILLER KHAN
- 4—PÉDRO MORALES
- 5—ANGELO MOSCA
- 6—SGT. SLAUGHTER
- 7—PAT PATTERSON
- 8—LARRY ZBYSZKO
- 9—RICK MARTEL
- 10—TONY GAREA

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: VERNE GAGNE

- 1—NICK BOCKWINKEL
- 2—BILLY ROBINSON
- 3—JOHN STUDD
- 4—DINO BRAVO
- 5—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
- 6—JIM BRUNZELL
- 7—MAD DOG VACHON
- 8—TITO SANTANA
- 9—GREG GAGNE
- 10—JESSE VENTURA

MOST POPULAR

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3—DUSTY RHODES
- 4—MIL MASCARAS
- 5—BOB BACKLUND
- 6—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 7—PEDRO MORALES
- 8—IVAN PUTSKI
- 9—DINO BRAVO
- 10—JUNKYARD DOG



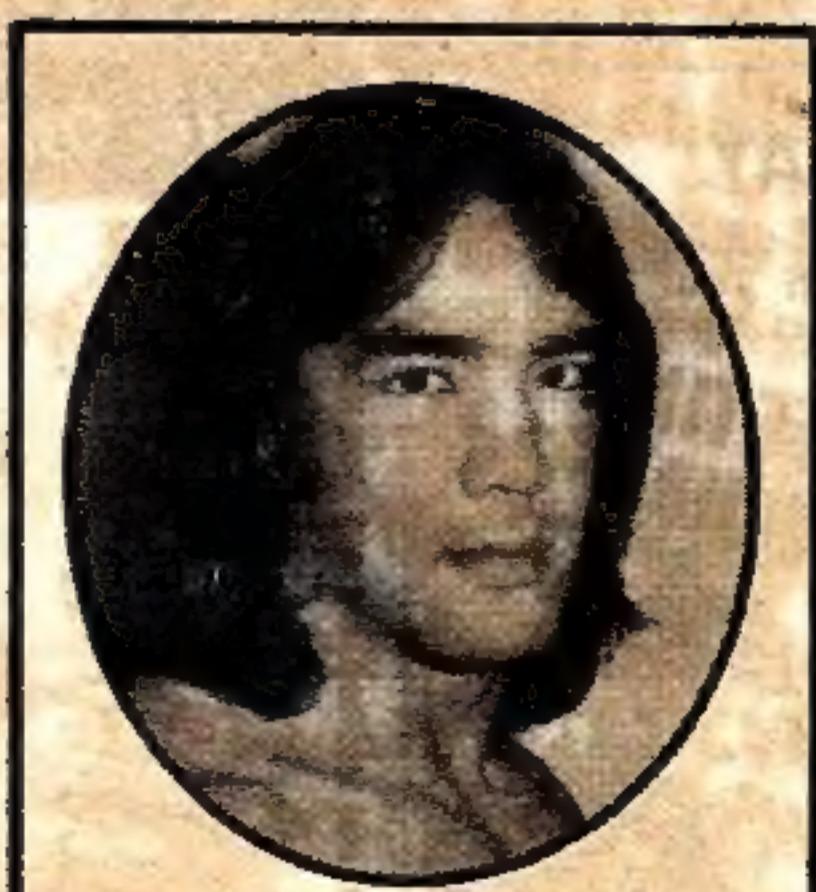
STAN HANSEN



JIM BRUNZELL



TONY ATLAS



RICK STEAMBOAT

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: HARLEY RACE

- 1—RODDY PIPER
- 2—TONY ATLAS
- 3—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 4—TED DIBIASE
- 5—BARRY WINDHAM
- 6—DICK SLATER
- 7—DUSTY RHODES
- 8—MR. WRESTLING II
- 9—LES THORNTON
- 10—KERRY VON ERICH

TAG TEAMS

- 1—PAUL JONES & MASKED SUPERSTAR
- 2—TONY GAREA & RICK MARTEL
- 3—JESSE VENTURA & ADRIAN ADONIS
- 4—THE FREEBIRDS
- 5—GEORGE WELLS & DEWEY ROBERTSON
- 6—BOBBY JAGGERS & R.T. TYLER
- 7—THE MOONDODGS
- 8—KERRY VON ERICH & BRUISER BRODIE
- 9—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 10—THE BOUNTY HUNTERS

MOST HATED

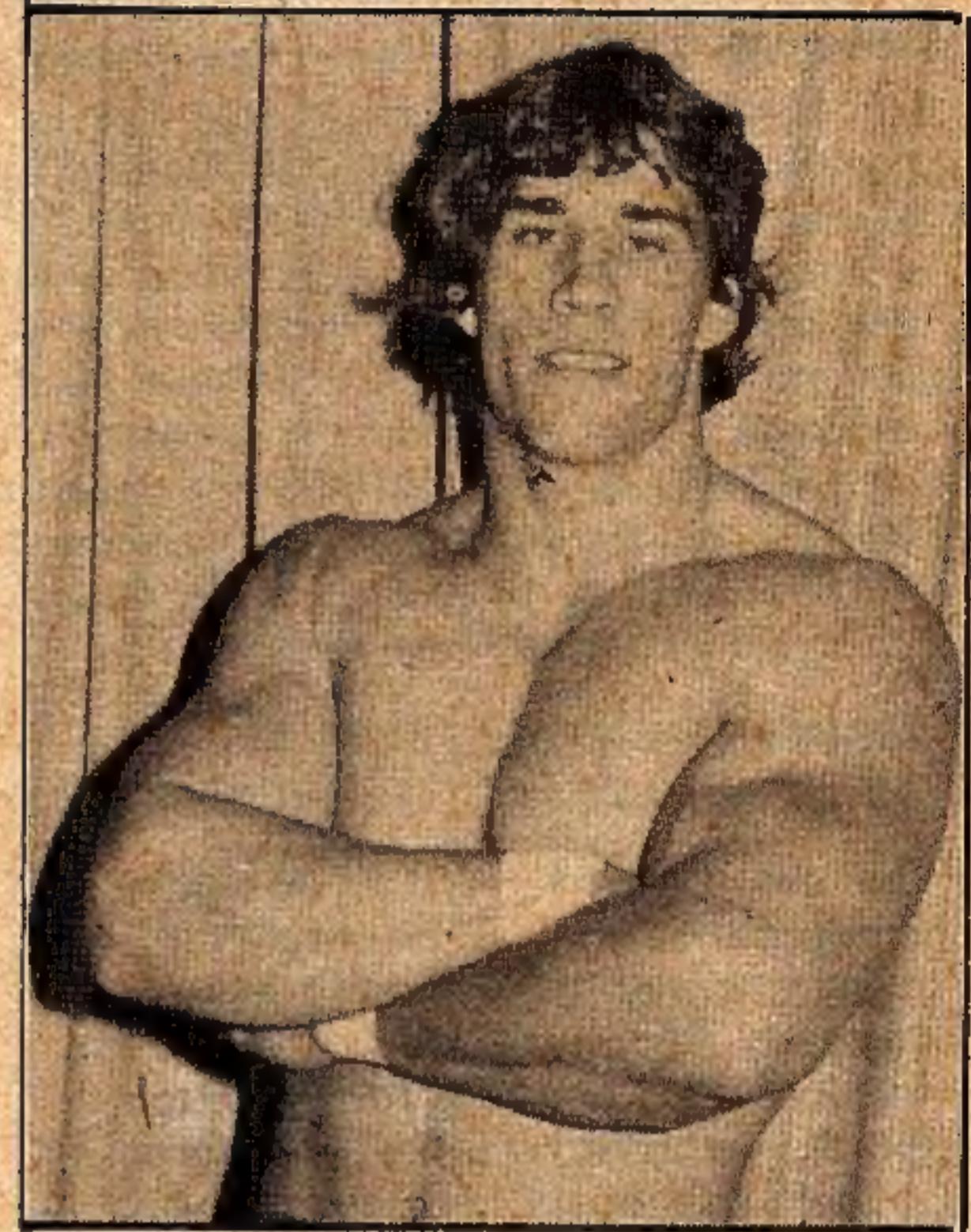
- 1—STAN HANSEN
- 2—LARRY ZBYSZKO
- 3—KILLER KHAN
- 4—GREG VALENTINE
- 5—MASKED GRAPPLER
- 6—KEN PATERA
- 7—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 8—MICHAEL HAYES
- 9—EDDY MANSFIELD
- 10—DENNIS CONDRY

THE LATTER

CORRESPONDENTS

Larry Cohen
Chicago, Ill.
Warren Knowles
Seattle, Wash.
Allison Corey
New York, N.Y.
Andre Camus
Montreal, Canada
Buddy Ford
St. Louis, Mo.
Masanori Murikami
Tokyo, Japan
Andy Rankowski
Portland, Ore.
Myron Roth
Miami, Fla.
Clifford Douglas
Denver, Colo.
Kevin McCloud
Boston, Mass.
Leroy Jackson
Detroit, Mich.
Danny Torres
Los Angeles, Ca.
B.W. Foreman
Atlanta, Ga.
Paul Dreiser
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Carl Salinger
Richmond, Va.
Geoffrey York
Toronto, Canada
Charles F. Amberson
St. Paul, Minn.
Cedric Coleridge
Sydney, Australia
George Hawkins
Bangor, Me.
Ed Remington
Indianapolis, Ind.
Diane Goh
Honolulu, Hi.
James Washington
Houston, Tex.
John West
Baltimore, Md.
Ellen Larsen
Charlotte, N.C.
Butch Gallagher
San Francisco, Ca.
Virginia W. Sloan
Amarillo, Tex.
Randy Swift
Memphis, Tenn.
Barry Simon
Tampa, Fla.



KERRY VON ERICH

DALLAS, TX—For such a young man, Kerry Von Erich already has accomplished so much.

"Yeah, I do feel lucky," said Kerry, the youngest man ever to win the American heavyweight title. "I've been real fortunate for a lot of reasons. I'm lucky I have a father who helped me in my wrestling training, not only with aid in maneuvers but also encouraging me, and respecting me as an individual in my own right."

"And I'm very lucky that I have such great brothers. We

(Continued on page 50)

Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!

The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans. Because of this, we're now giving these experts a forum for their views month, we'll ask a controversial question answer—no matter what those answers might be!

and opinions. Each and have the fans

THE QUESTION:

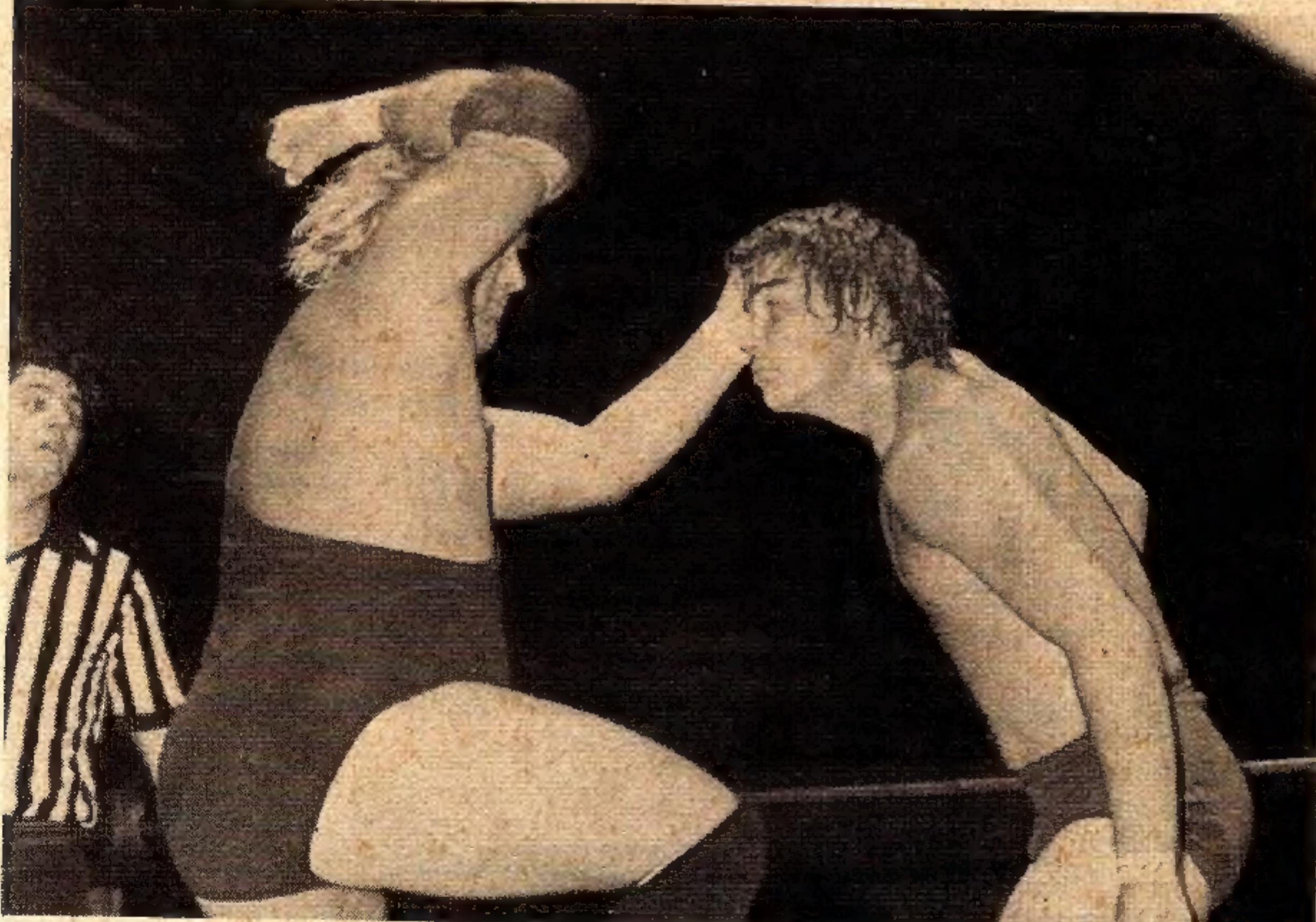
"Should a top contender in one area have to prove himself through several matches before receiving a title shot in that area?"

THE ANSWERS

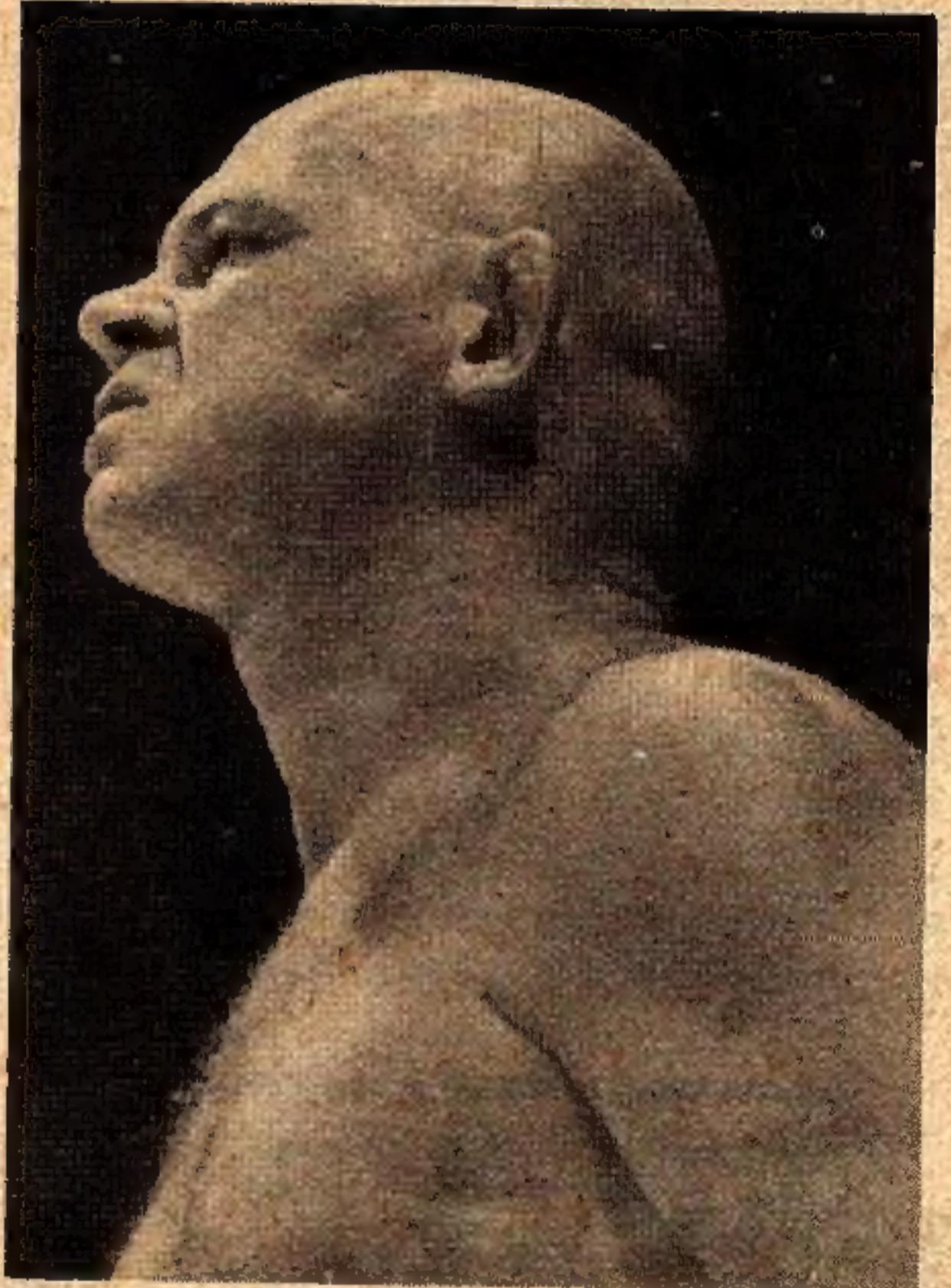
Gary Weiss, Baldwin, New York: "No, I don't think it matters how long a guy's been in the area. A wrestler is a wrestler. We fans pay

our hard-earned bucks to see the very best and it doesn't matter where someone's been a contender, at least as far as I can see."

Daniel Norman, Charleston, South Carolina: "Yeah, lookit, I don't think it's right for a guy like Barry Windham to struggle, to work and work, and then have to hassle with all those old retreads coming in from out-of-state. I think Windham should have been



Barry Windham takes an elbow from Bobby Jagers. Daniel Norman feels it is unfair that Windham had to wait so long for a chance at the Florida state title while untested outsiders are getting their opportunity right away.



Any breakdown in the order of professional wrestling brings men like Baron Von Raschke closer to control of the sport. Jamie Morris would like to see the traditions of wrestling maintained. Title shots, he feels, must be earned over time.

Florida state champion a lot sooner."

Jamie Morris, West Palm Beach, Florida: "You have to have some kind of order in wrestling or else the whole sport collapses and men like Baron Von Raschke will have their way. I think a great deal of the

(Continued on page 52)



While Roddy Piper (above) does not underestimate the importance of keeping one's body in prime physical condition, he considers himself to be a thinking man's wrestler. Piper, who recently upset Ric Flair for the U.S. title, has pages of notes on every wrestler in the Mid-Atlantic to maintain a mental advantage. Piper applies a stomach claw (below).

RODDY PIPER CREDITS an old man standing before a tent at a country fair on the outskirts of Glasgow for changing his life.

"His name was Wellenmellon the Great," recalled Piper, winner of *Sports Review's* "Wrestler of the Month" award. "He was an incredibly brilliant man. He must've been at least 75, maybe 80 years old. He was bald, stooped, his eyes were kinda yellowish. All the other kids my age, I was around 11 or so, were terrified of him. They were hiding behind their parents' legs."

"Not me," Piper said with a hint of bravado. "I was so damn fascinated by the bloke. He was amazing. He accepted questions from everyone on any subject in the world. No one could stump him."

"At first, my father was muttering to Mom how it was all set up and that the old guy planted people in the audience to give him questions he already knew. I



started arguing with my father, something I never dared do before.

"My father never hit me. Instead, he tried to teach me a lesson in a rational manner. So to prove me wrong, my father asked him a question. I'll never forget the question as long as I live."

"My father asked Wellenmellon

the Great what was the longest any person was ever able to walk on his hands. Without blinking an eye, Wellenmellon said it was Johann Huslinger, who walked on his hands for 871 miles from Vienna to Paris in 1900. My father was stunned."

Piper paused, revelling in the excitement of his own thoughts.

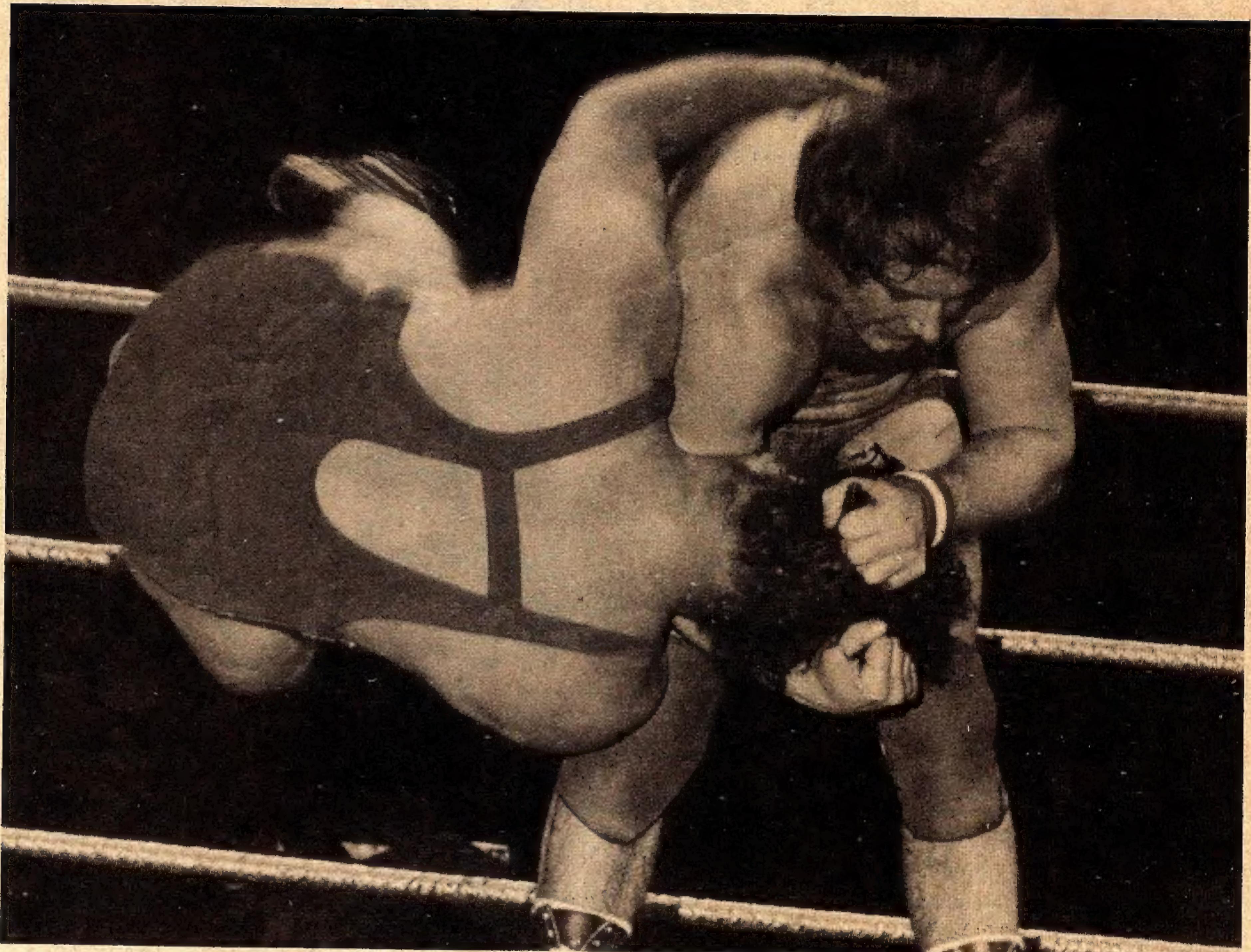
"Right then and there, I realized that it takes more than mere physical brutality to win. Look, here was this old man with a fabulous mind able to stump anyone in the world. He could accomplish anything he ever wanted. And he was not physically imposing."

"But his mind, yes, his mind. I knew I had to perfect my mind. I devoured any book in my hands. I started devising mental games to perfect my mind. Not that I ignored my body because anyone can see what sort of superb physical shape I am in."

(Continued on page 14)

WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 12)



Piper grabs his opponent by the hair and snaps him to the canvas (above). Many people believe that bagpipe music is the most irritating sound in the world to the human ear and Piper plays the instrument just to upset his opponents (below).



"But I knew that anyone who relies exclusively on brute force cannot stay successful for very long. Oh, it is possible you can luck out and win something. But to stay on top, you must use your intellect. That is what separates me from the beasts like Masked Superstar or Paul Jones."

Cocky, arrogant, one cannot help but find Piper's charm infectious. At times, that is. Once beyond Piper's rugged good looks, one encounters the manner in which he has trained his mind.

Piper, U.S. champion since upsetting Ric Flair in a title match, didn't use his mind for good. No matter what he says, all his actions

are totally and completely selfish and self-centered.

Roddy Piper cares about one person: Roddy Piper.

"Sure I'm the most important person in my life. If I don't watch my own rear, who will? You think in this demanding world you can really trust someone else?"

"Absolutely not," snapped Piper. "You have to act as if the entire world is arrayed against you, seeking one thing and one thing only, your destruction. But I do not fear them. I will defeat them all for I am superior to all forms of life."

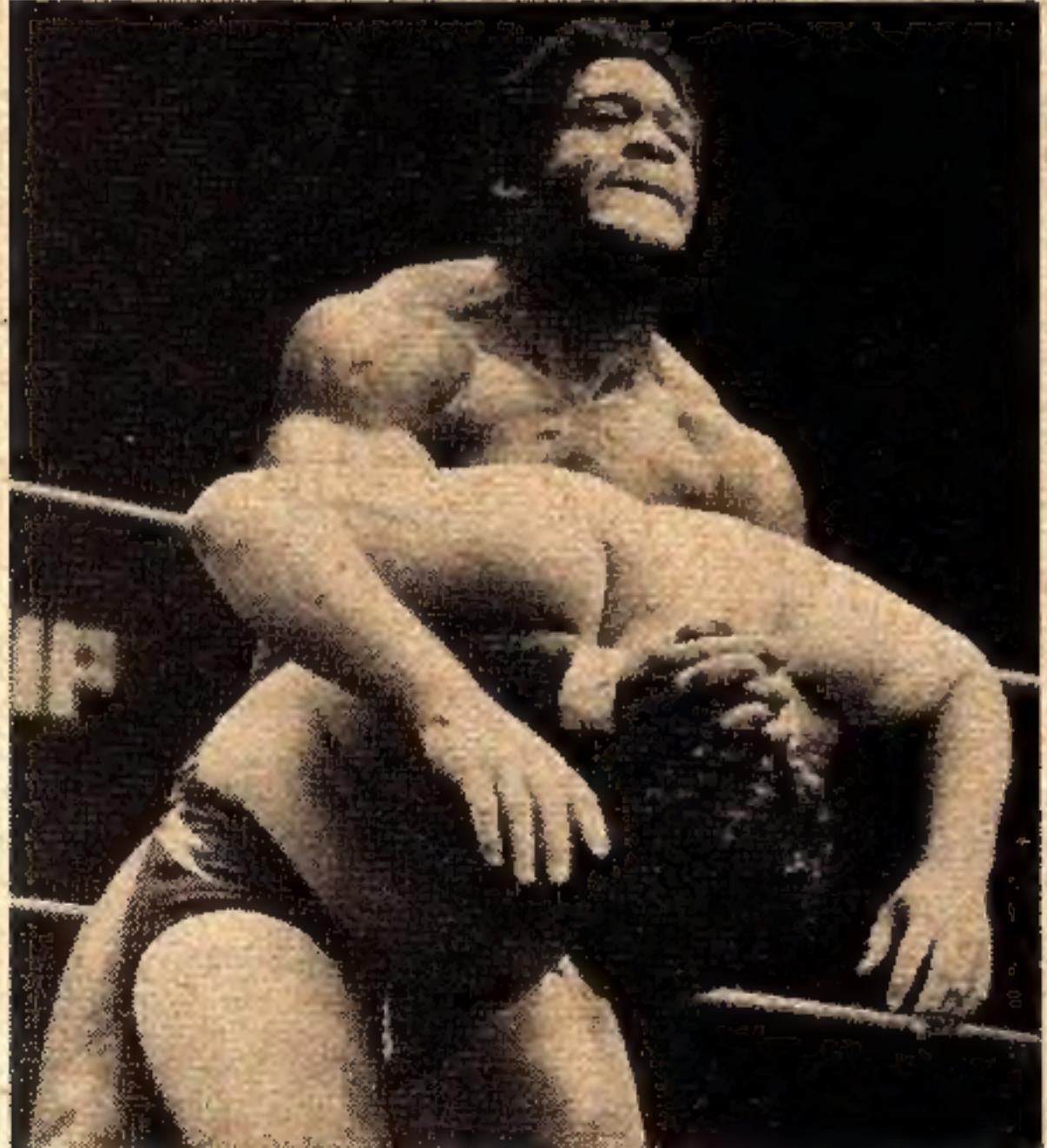
Roddy Piper. Is he a great mind? Or is he a twisted genius? □



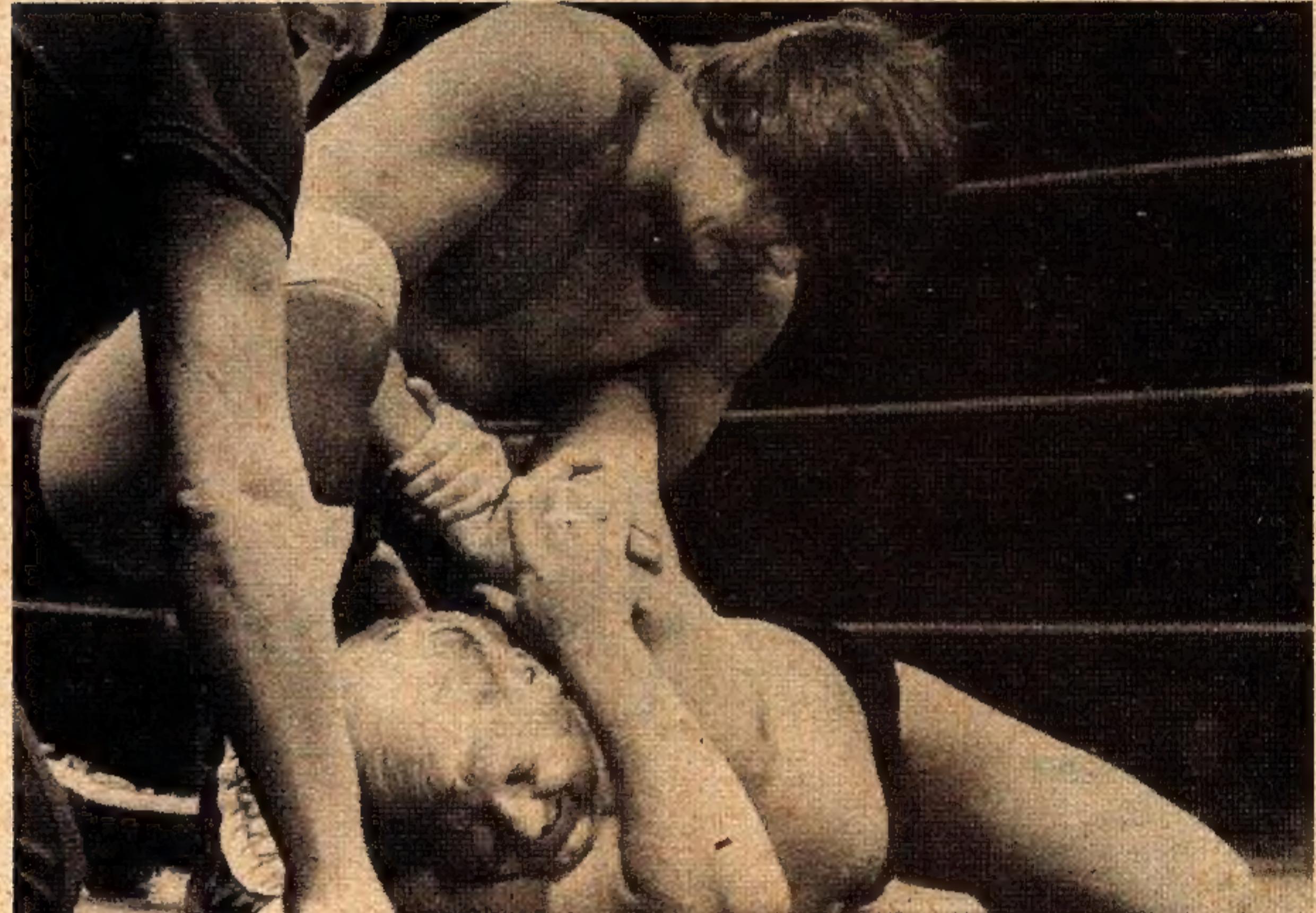
NOT AFRAID

I'm really disgusted with people saying Tony Atlas is a coward. I've seen him wrestle and he's one of the best in the whole world. You don't get to be Georgia heavyweight champ and win a 22-man Battle Royal by being a coward.

I read the article you wrote in the February 1981 issue and I thought it was very good and right to the point. But a letter-writer named Tom Grieve doesn't know what he's talking



Reader Todd Suire is angered by anyone who says Tony Atlas has no guts. Atlas, he says, has proved his worth by wrestling and defeating the best.



Barry Windham (locking up Dick Murdoch) has impressed reader Dwayne Carter as one of the brightest young stars in the sport.

about. Tony Atlas has stood toe-to-toe with such men as Ole Anderson, Harley Race, Ivan Koloff, Alexis Smirnoff, Ken Patera, and Ernie Ladd.

One more thing I'd like to say: Tony Atlas has the greatest muscle tone I've ever seen and I'm proud to say in public that Tony Atlas is my idol.

TODD SUIRE
Crowley, LA

THE BEST?

I must say Barry Windham is one of the best young wrestlers I have ever seen in my whole life, and I've been watching pro wrestling for just over two decades now.

Few young wrestlers exhibit the raw courage Windham displays every single night in the ring: Windham never seeks out the easy path to success. He's willing to take on any and all comers to prove himself. And prove himself, he has.

How many young men could come into Florida and walk off with the prestigious Florida heavyweight title as did Windham? And you can bet Windham won't run away from competition like NWA champion Harley Race has done.

No, Windham will wrestle anyone, because he has the guts and ambition to want to make it to the top.

DWAYNE CARTER
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

MASKED CLOWN

Why didn't Masked Superstar just leave wrestling instead of bothering to try and learn how to

(Continued on page 54)

TOP WRESTLER ANSWER YOUR QUESTION

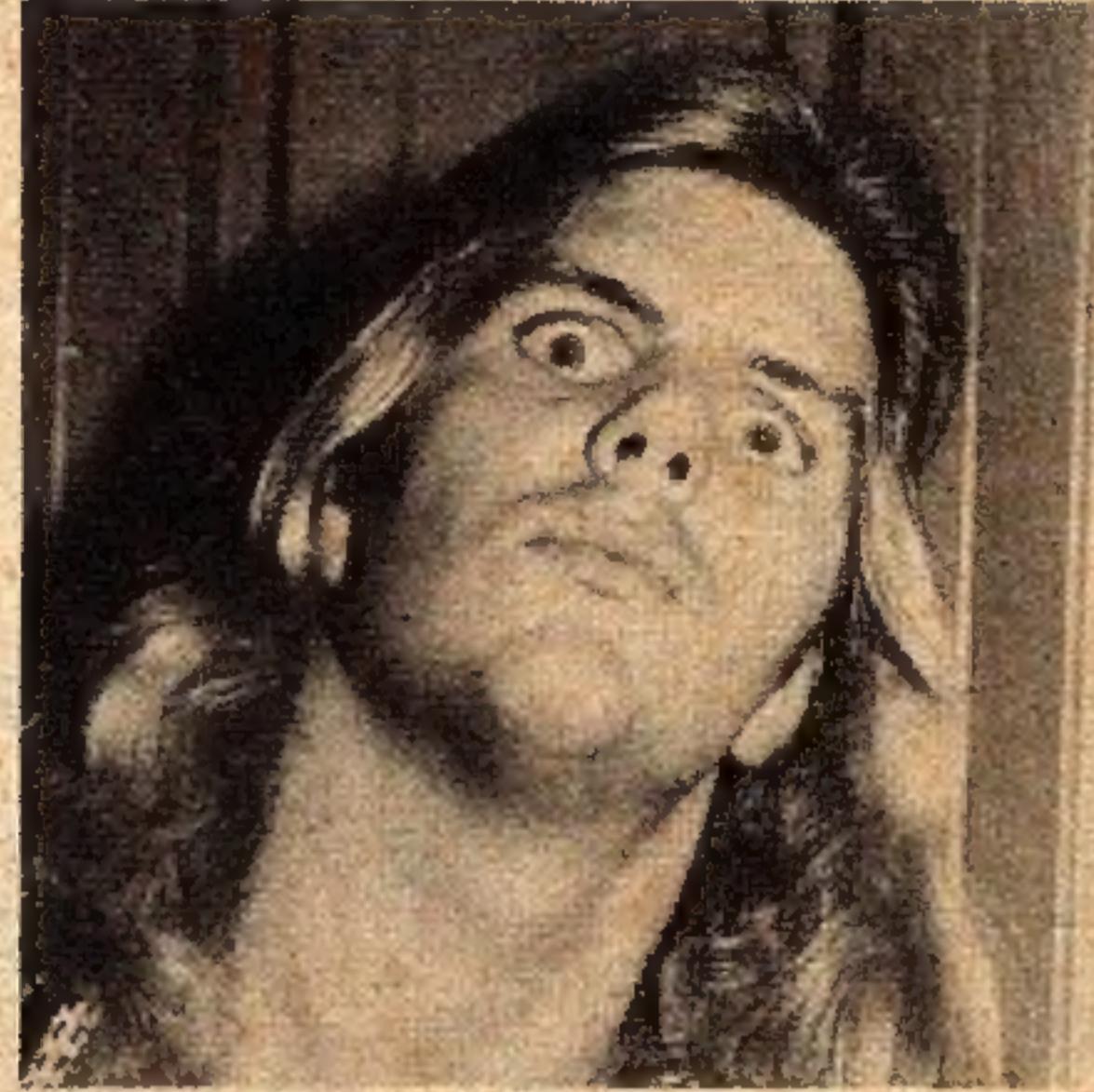
Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:

ASK THE STARS
Sports Review Wrestling
Box 48
Rockville Centre, N.Y.
11571

The "Question of the Month" is:

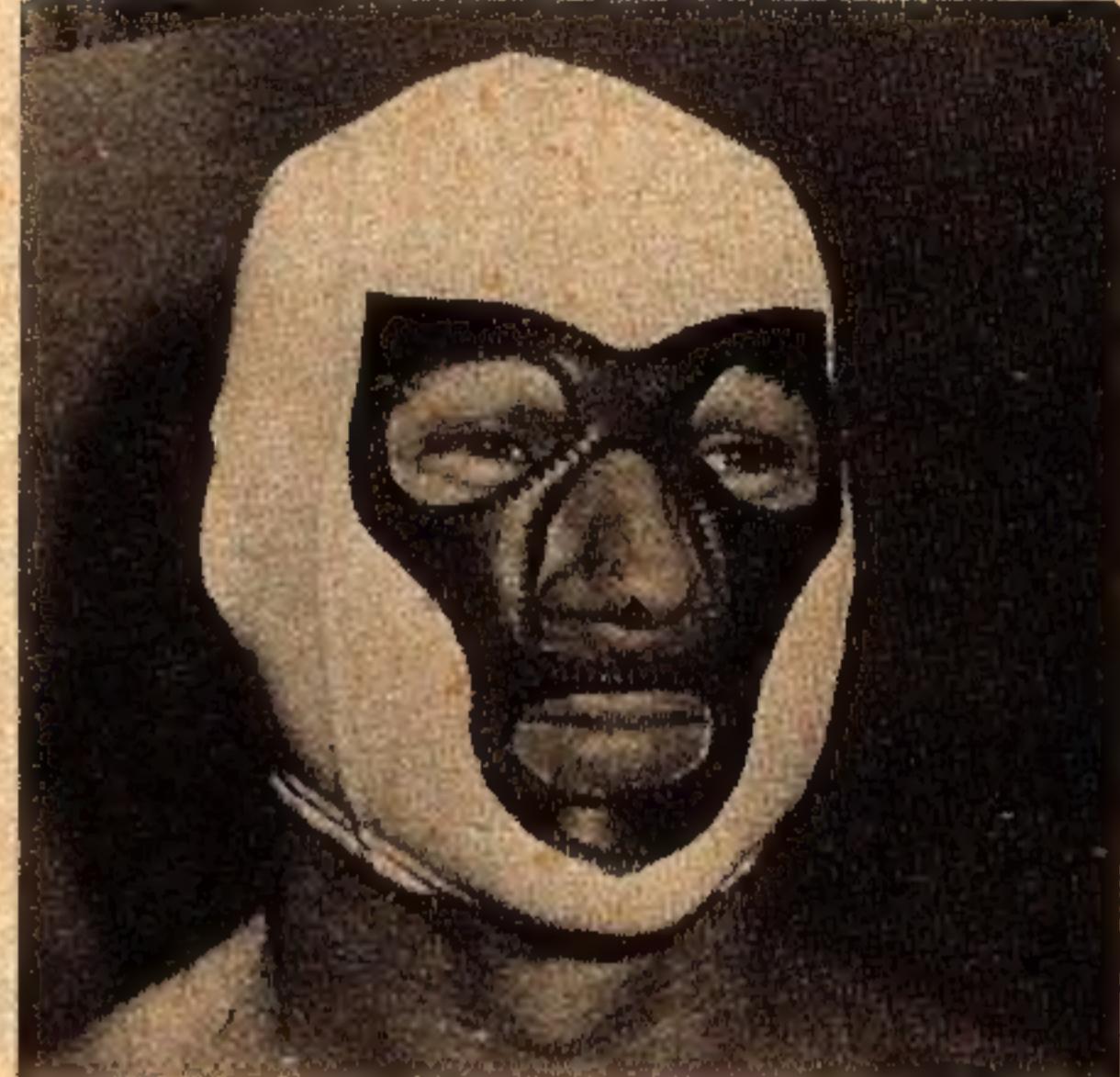
"What is the worst thing that ever happened to you in wrestling?"

**Submitted by:
Steve Johnson;
Akron, Ohio**



MICHAEL HAYES

"One time I went into the ring, strutin' and proud as ever 'cause I am the best and most beautiful and wondrous man who ever did walk the earth. Well, I opened my robe, proud of my wonderful body and found I'd left my trunks back in the dressin' room. You shoulda seen the ladies faint with joy."



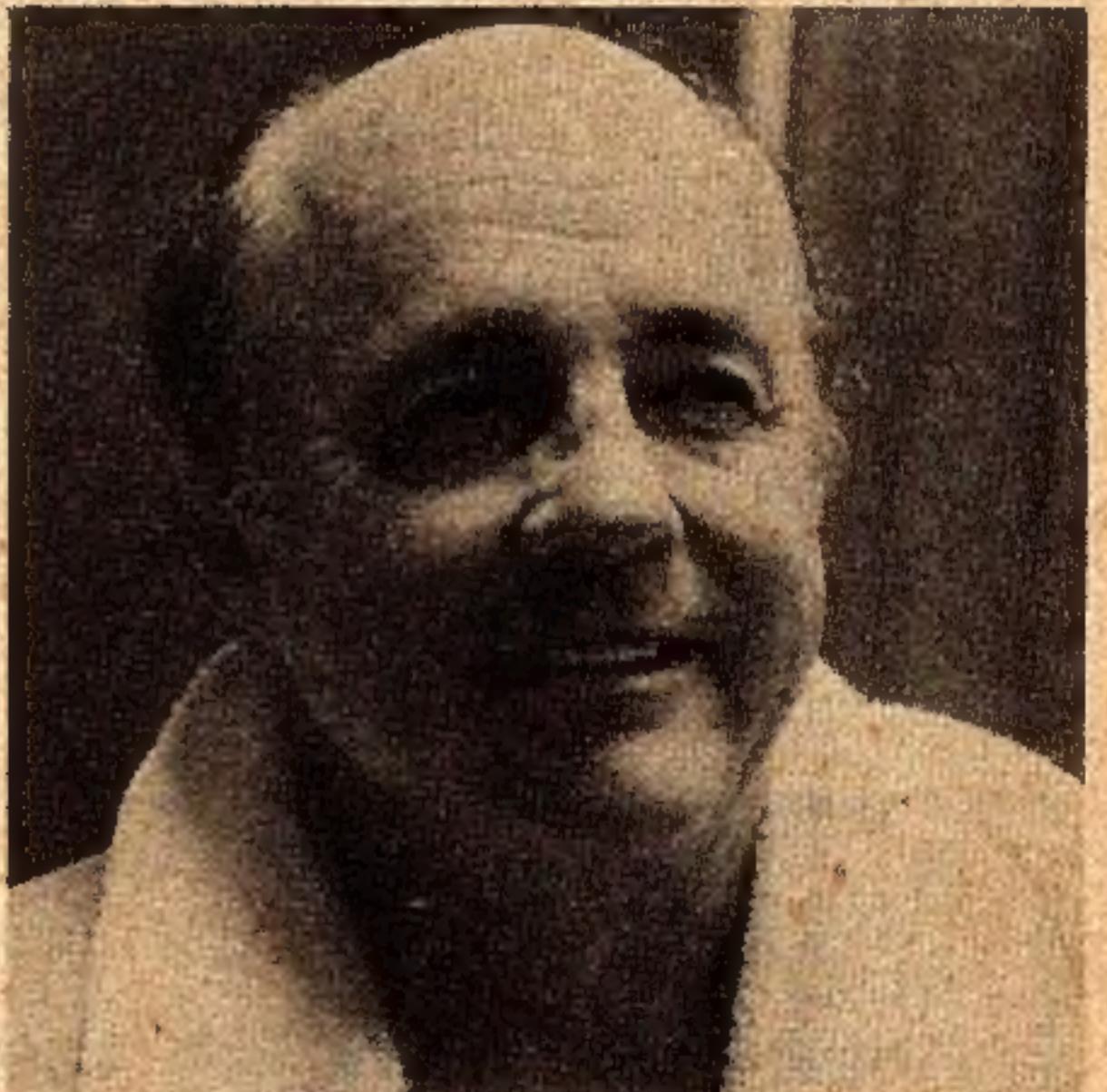
MR. WRESTLING II

"Mr. Saito, that lousy bum lunatic, tried to pull my mask off and almost succeeded. No one takes off my mask. My mask is very important to me. It is everything to me. My mask is what I am and what I strive for. It is my heart, my gut, my soul. To have a bum like Mr. Saito almost pull it off was pretty bad."



BRUNO SAMMARTINO

"You know, losing the WWF title to that Russian creep Ivan Koloff was unbearable to me. I sat in my dressing room at Madison Square Garden and couldn't talk or think or even move, I was so doggone upset. Nothing ever hurt as much or could hurt again like losing a championship."



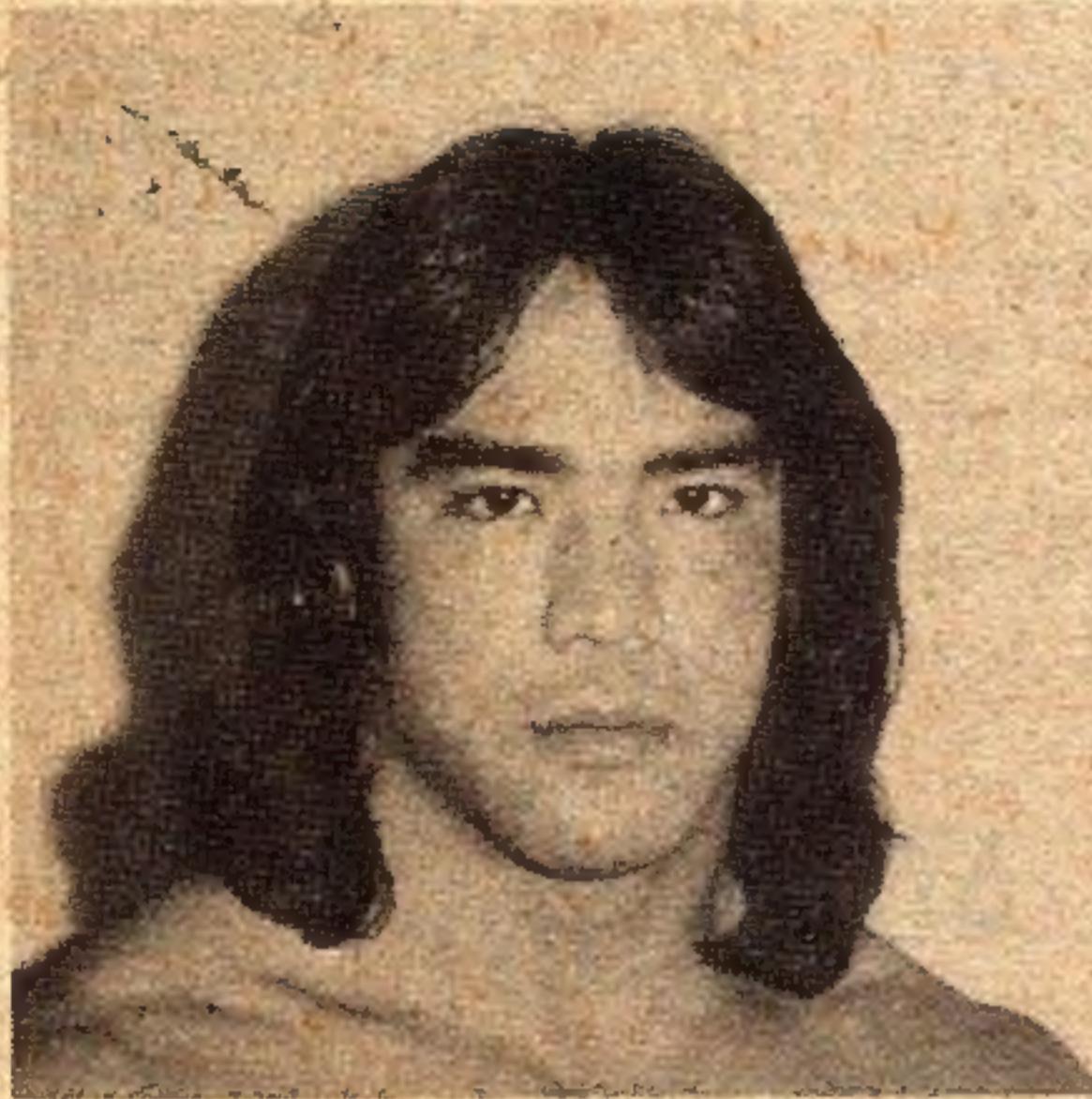
VERNE GAGNE

"The first night I ever saw my son Greg lose a match, yes, that was awful. It's very difficult for a father to sit at ringside and be unable to do a blasted thing while his kid is getting knocked around the ring from one post to the next. But he had to learn and he's a better man for it."

WRESTLERS ANSWER OF THE MONTH

**LOU ALBANO**

"Never was anything worse, more disgusting, more evil, make me want to puke up my dinner more than the night I had to look at Bruno Sammartino, or Bruno Sammarstinko, as his friends call him. I was no more than a few inches from his ugly rancid face and I thought I would faint."

**RICK STEAMBOAT**

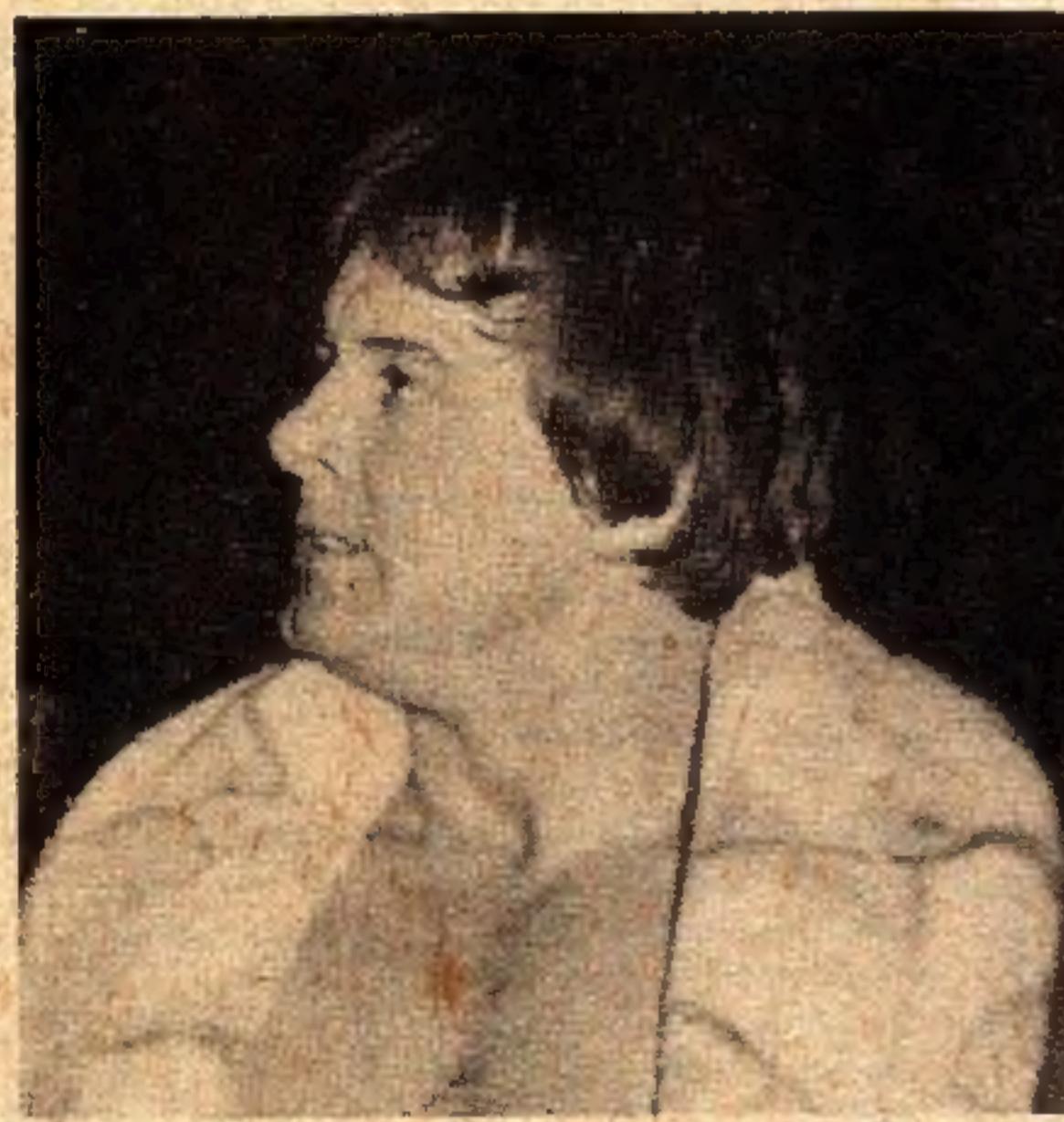
"I'd have to say, right off the top of my head, that my feud with Ric Flair was the absolute worst thing that ever happened in my wrestling career or my life on the whole. I still get nightmares about what we tried to do to each other and I am still kinda ashamed the whole thing ever happened."

**TONY GAREA**

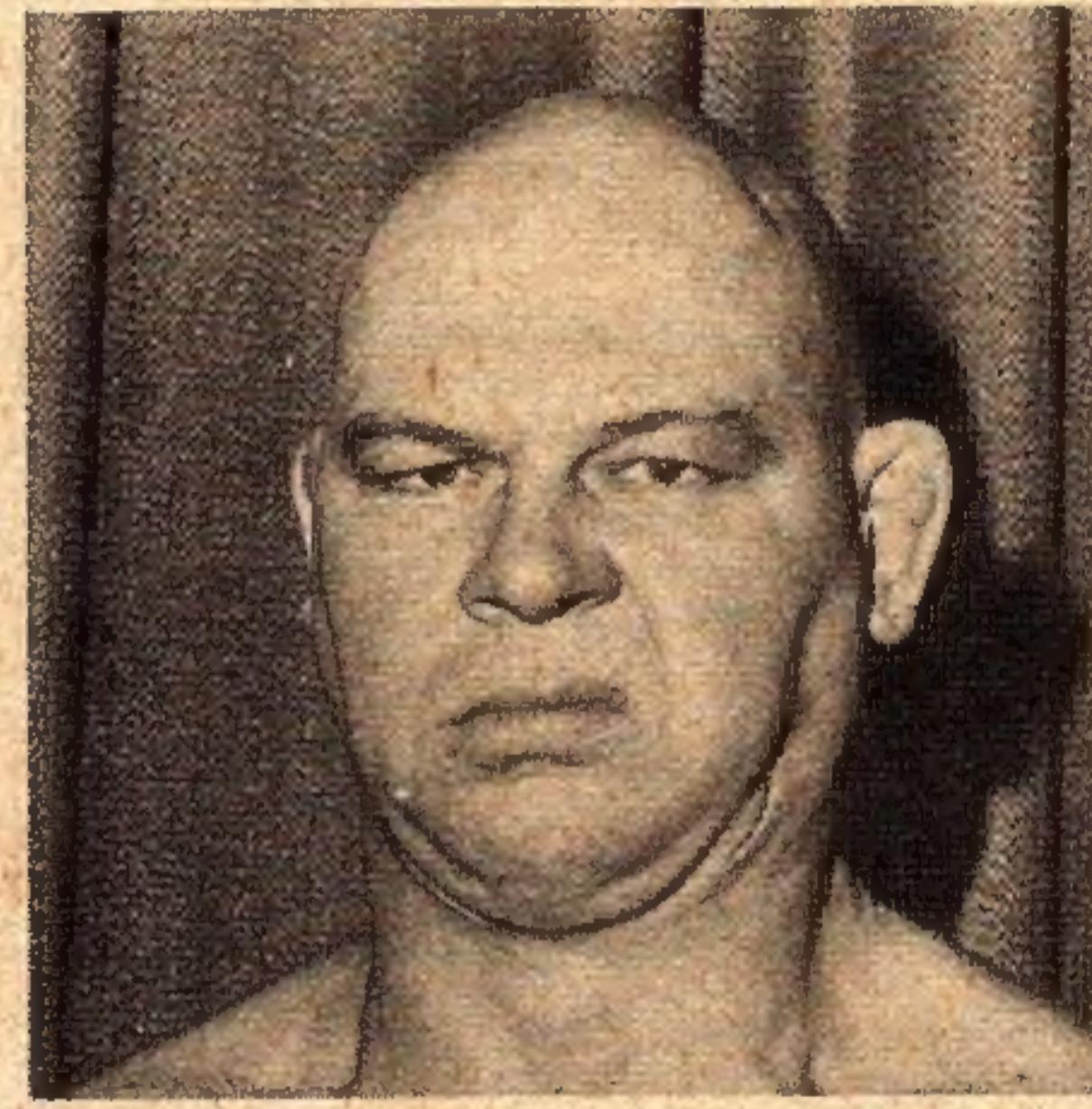
"When I learned Larry Zbyszko turned rulebreaker, I wanted to lay down in a dark place and just cry. Me and Larry had been like brothers and the thought of him doing something this cruel made me sick all over. To this day, it's difficult for me to think of Larry in that way."

**TOMMY RICH**

"My moment when I fell into the pit of greed and ambition and selfishness, the night I turned rulebreaker for the first time. I still don't know what possessed me. At the moment, it seemed the right thing to do. But I regret that night and all the other bad nights."

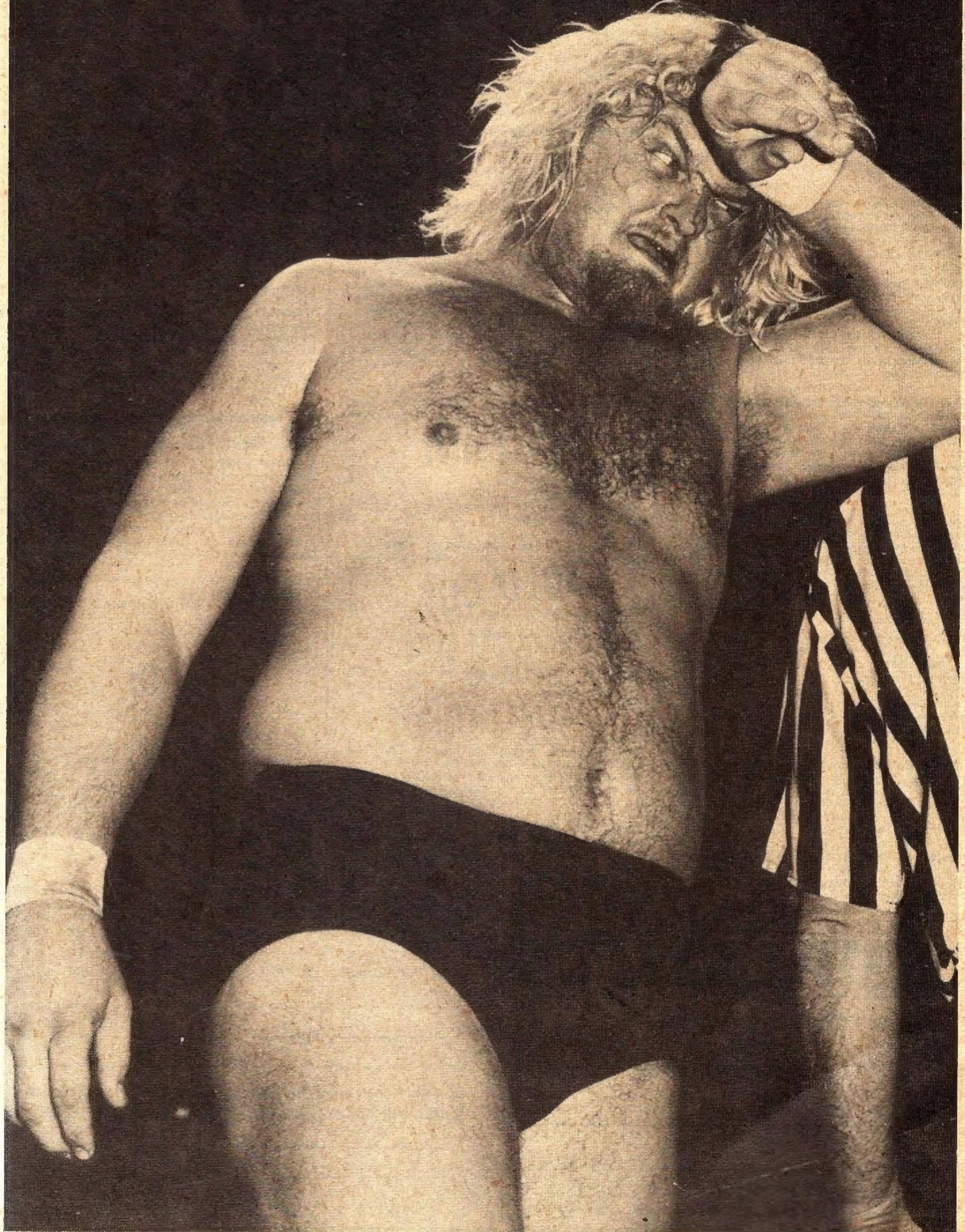
**RODDY PIPER**

"Soiling my flesh upon the warty hide of a toad such as Masked Superstar fills me with dread; the sort of feeling one gets contemplating lizards crawling over your body while pinioned to a pier of steel shafts embedded in the Sahara desert. Could there be a worse thing than that?"

**BARON VON RASCHKE**

"Unquestionably the sorriest day for me and the entire civilized world was when Bugsy McGraw was born. That man is a shallow excuse for a human being. To call him a dog insults that great animal. I can only promise all my efforts will be directed towards ending McGraw's useless existence."

Duncum wipes the blood from his forehead moments into his match with Inoki.



IS PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING TRYING TO DESTROY BOB DUNCUM?

BOB DUNCUM GRIMACED as the doctor put yet another stitch in his forehead. That made eight.

"I would say six or seven days," the doctor said, "and this time I mean it, Bob. Your body needs time to heal itself, and you've got a responsibility to your body to provide that time. Geez, Mulligan really did a job this time."

There was a knock on the door. "Who's there?" the doctor asked.

"Is Mr. Duncum there?" a high-pitched voice asked.

"Yes he is," replied the doctor, "but he can't see anybody now."

"I'm supposed to deliver this telegram," the voice insisted.

"Okay, kid," Duncum said, "deliver."

A skinny 17-year-old walked tentatively into the room. Duncum extended his arm, but

the kid was shaking too much to make the handoff. He dropped the telegram on the table and scurried out of the room.

Duncum shrugged, and then read the message to himself.

"What's up?" the doctor asked. "Nobody's sick or anything, right?"

At first, Duncum didn't answer. He only stared at the telegram. Then he responded. "Uh, no, no, nothing's wrong. Hey, doc, are you about done with me?"

"Yes," the doctor said. "Just remember, no wrestling for about a week."

"Sure, doc," Duncum said. "See ya in a week."

The doctor left the room completely unnoticed by Duncum. The big Texan slowly got out of his chair and eased over to a mirror to examine the patchwork on his forehead. "A

week," he grumbled. "Ha."

Duncum knew he was in a bad situation. There would be no recuperation time for his injuries to mend. In fact, the same night he got cut up by Blackjack Mulligan in Greensboro, North Carolina, he would have to catch a plane to New York to wrestle no less an opponent than World Martial Arts Champion Antonio Inoki in Madison Square Garden the next day.

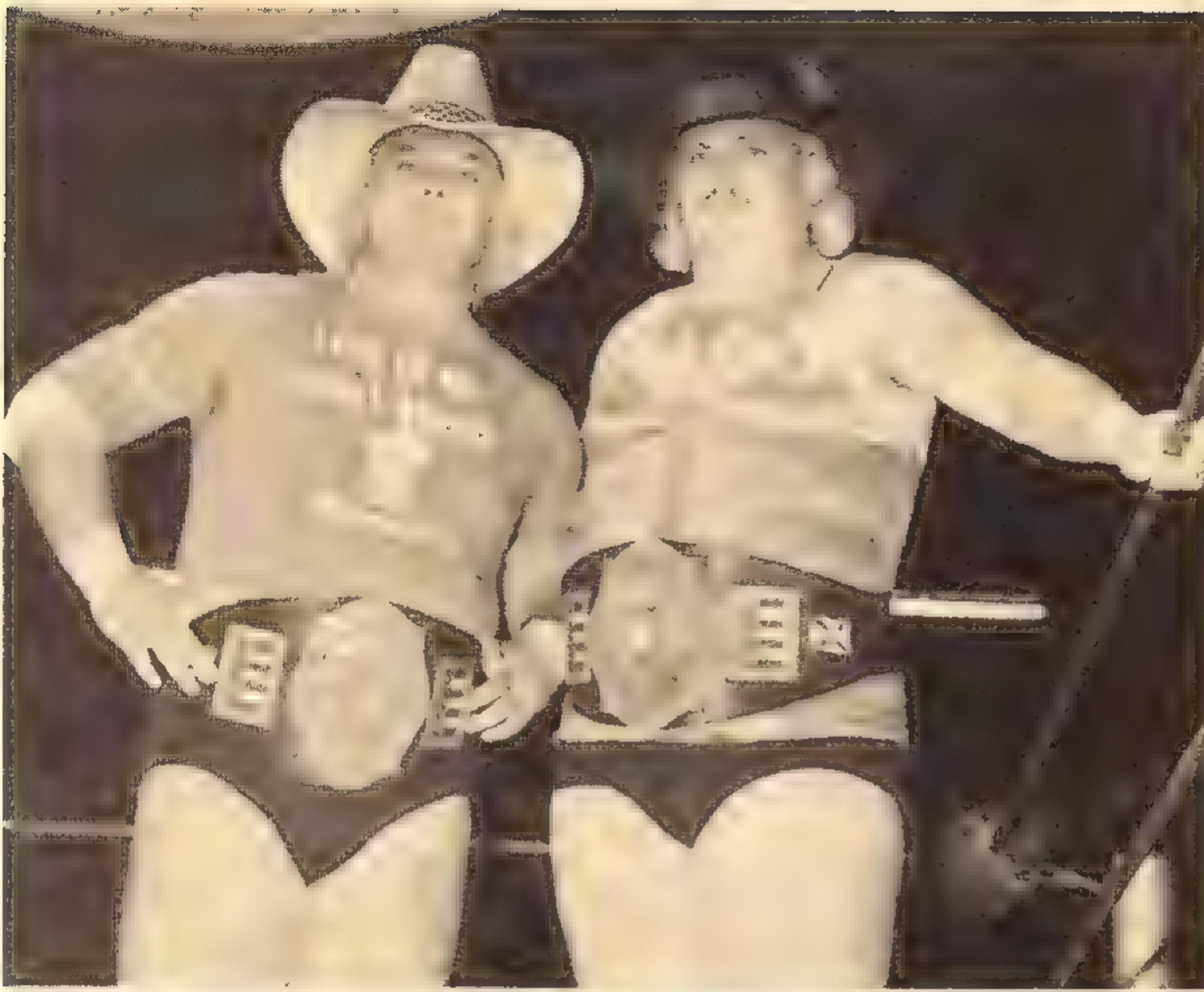
The two-hour flight gave Duncum a lot of time to think about his problems. Maybe too much.

For some time he has grumbled about professional wrestling trying to destroy him. But no one knew just what he was talking about. Not even him. But he is beginning to.

How could he be expected to wrestle in such poor condition?

(Continued on page 48)

Is Bobby Duncum the target of yet another sinister plot? Why would Duncum be signaled for destruction? Who wants Duncum ruined? And why? Fortunately Duncum survived. Now he goes about searching for those who wanted him dead



BOB JAG COUSINS

"I DARE SAY, those two chaps are quite a pair, aren't they?" Lord Al Hays stepped back a moment from the practice ring where Florida tag team champions Bobby Jaggers and R.T. Tyler worked on their maneuvers. "I must say in all candor I have never, and I do stress never, seen a tag team quite like these chaps. They are

Bobby Jaggers headlocks
Bugsy McGraw as
R.T. Tyler looks on.



JAGGERS & R.T. TYLER: SIN IN MAYHEM

PHOTOS BY BILL OTTEN

quite a cup of tea, wouldn't you say?"

Maybe Lord Al Hays views the current champions as a cup of tea filled with two spoons of sugar or honey. Certainly not the rest of Florida. Other wrestlers, men unfortunate enough to face the champs, would probably call them by quite a different name.

"Vermin," said Mike Graham. "Garbage," said Barry Windham.

"Pure, unadulterated crap," snarled Scott McGhee.

All of the above three esteemed members of the Florida wrestling community have ample reason to dislike the champions. On a firsthand basis, these three have had to tangle with Jagers and Tyler.

Their recollections of the meetings are far from pleasant.

"They know one way and one way only how to wrestle and that's by cheating and lying and doing anything they possibly can to break the rules," said Windham. "I think they simply enjoy breaking rules. I think they'd run a red light on their way to the arena just to get into shape for the match."

Windham and McGhee had been the Florida tag team champions until that fateful evening when Tyler and Jagers captured the belts.

"What a day," smiled Tyler. "Never had so much fun as the time we whipped the punks, man oh man, that was a fun time indeed."

But the youngsters allowed

their overconfidence to get the best of them, and, subsequently, they lost the titles for a brief while to Mike Graham and Windham.

"My boys were deprived of their just and royal titles by those two scoundrels impersonating wrestlers," explained Hays. "My chaps had the better of the match until those rascals sought to bend and finally break the rules to suit their own purposes. They did win, but might eventually triumphed, and we regained the titles."

As current champions, Tyler and Jagers spread their own unique form of mayhem across the state. Mayhem to some. To these two fun-loving guys, it's just another night on the town.

"Hell, I can't think of anything more fun than running and stepping on some poor fool's face for 10 minutes until he can't see 'cause he's blinded by his own blood," said Tyler. "It's just a lot of fun."

"Yeah, we like to mix it up with some fools in the ring," said Jagers. "And I gotta say how tired I am of always hearing people complain we're too tough."

They are quite an impressive, if not noble tag team. Bobby Jagers and R.T. Tyler like to have fun. Unfortunately, their idea of fun contradicts many of the sport's sacred laws. They like to snap necks and shatter knees and dislocate shoulders. All in a day's work, they say



"Let me tell you retards a thing or two. This is a damn good sport. We make a whole lot of money and we get to beat up people and what else is wrestling, huh? You honestly think it's a couple of sweet-boys pirouetting and flying through the air? No way, man, this is a brutal contact sport and you gotta be tough and good and also have a great manager like we got to make it in this sport. We've been blessed, with each other as partners and friends and with Al, who's gotta be the greatest manager in the history of the world. Surely he's gotta be at least that."

Hays accepts his wrestlers' praise casually, almost acting embarrassed.

"They are nice lads, aren't they?" asked Hays. "I am real proud of the way they have handled those nasty beasts in this state. My very heart churns

Mike Graham struggles but cannot free himself from Tyler's secure headscissors (above). To the fans' dismay, Tyler and Jaggers are still number one among Florida's tag team (below).



inside and out when I watch such nasty little brats like Windham race around the state.

"I dare say, what does a Barry Windham or a Scott McGhee

have to complain about? My boys have given them quite a lot of opportunities to reclaim their titles. Is it my chaps' fault that they are so wondrous and dedicated and simply genuinely good that no one can stop them?

"I rather take exception to the branding of my chaps as mean and nasty. They do things by their own methods. Is it my chaps' fault no one can understand what we have assembled in this fair state?" continued Hays.

"No, I think it a bit suspicious when men must rely solely on their mouths instead of their brains and fists, like we do. I shall be gracious as always and permit those nasty little brats all the air time they wish to complain."

"But we shall hold the belts. You can bet Buckingham Palace on that." Hays grinned evilly. □

In a violent match against Rocky Johnson, Dick Slater proved just how vicious a man he can be. But there are other times when Dick will employ only scientific moves!

WHO WILL DICK SLATER BE TODAY?

DICK SLATER APPROACHED Rocky Johnson, growled ominously and thrust his fingers into Johnson's windpipe. Dazed, Rocky was vulnerable to a kick in the groin and a poke in his eyes. Slater danced around the ring, snarling at the jeers of the crowd.

Stan Hansen grabbed Dick

Slater under the armpits and attempted to smash his skull against the ropes. Slater whirled, tripped Hansen, and delivered punishing elbow-smashes to Hansen's spine as the crowd bellowed its approval.

Villain or hero? Madman or scientific wrestler? Which one is the real Dick Slater?

Slater's career has been chameleon-like, though at least with that animal its color may be predicted by the hue of its surroundings. Slater has no such determinate. Bad guy in St. Louis. Good guy in Georgia. Bad guy in Georgia. Good guy in St. Louis. No pattern whatsoever, though one close friend offered

One day, Dick Slater is a vicious rulebreaker. The next day, he is an intelligent, scientific wrestler. No one can ever predict just how Slater will wrestle on any given day. And that is just the way he wants it





With a quick kick to the head, Slater tries to prevent Rocky Johnson from reentering the ring. Dick displayed some of his most vicious tactics on this night. It is remarkable that a man who seems so wicked at some times can be so scientific at other times. Slater remains a mystery to all.

an explanation.

"Dick has this thing about inner vibes. He got into reading books on a vibration cult when he was on the Coast many years ago," said a friend of Slater's. "There are times when he feels good about himself, good about his opponent, about his world, and he reacts accordingly by treating people with decency. Then there are times he feels vicious and so goes into the ring like that. Unfortunately, no one

except Slater knows which way he'll go."

Slater's unpredictable behavior has created some memorable moments in wrestling, such as his venomous feuds with Paul Jones and Mr. Wrestling II. Then, on the opposite end of the spectrum, there is his partnership with Dusty Rhodes and his recent combination with old rival Mr. Wrestling II in Georgia.

"When I told people I wanted

to team with Slater, they were astonished," said Rhodes. "One person close to me wondered how I could think of it, wondered what guarantees I had that Slater wouldn't suddenly turn on me. But I took him for his style and I gambled. Can't say we didn't make a great team."

"The first time we got together as a team I was reluctant to stick my hand out for a tag," Mr. Wrestling II remembered. "I didn't know if Slater would tag it ... or bite it. We had a real feud going a while ago. Yet Slater was a complete gentleman and there was never a problem. Though I do realize that in another week he'd want to rip my face off. Go figure him out. I can't. I don't know anyone who can."

An explanation would seem to be in order from the source himself. Welcome, Dick Slater.

"The reason people are so bewildered is that I simply demonstrate the two halves of every person, and people won't admit that they can be both good and bad. So when I reveal the two components of Dick Slater, people are afraid because they'll be forced to confront their own personalities, thus they put me down and label me unpredictable so they won't have to face themselves.

"You telling me no one has ever been downright nasty to another person? Or really good to someone else? Or turn around and for some reason berate another person. Of course they do. How many will admit that though? And since people are irrational at times, how can I predict how I'll be tomorrow. Can you? Can anyone?"

Rocky Johnson must have wished he could have figured out what Slater would do on a recent evening in St. Louis. As the wrestlers approached each other after the opening bell, Slater inexplicably extended his



Above: Slater prepares to land a powerful elbowsmash on Spoiler's head. Dick dazzled everyone with his scientific skills. Below: Mr. Wrestling II and Slater have formed an unbeatable tag team. To many, this seems like a most unusual alliance. No one knows how long it can last.



hand for a shake. Taken aback, Johnson offered his hand. Slater violently tore at the hand and flung Rocky across the ring and into the ropes. As the puzzled Johnson ricocheted back toward the middle of the ring, Slater pummeled Rocky's face with vicious hand thrusts, drawing trickles of blood on Johnson's cheek. .

"My vibes indicated that I was in a hateful mood," Slater said calmly in his dressing room. "I felt ill with the world. The vibrations resonating about me, from Johnson, and from the crowd, reinforced my own vibes of bad, and so I was evil. Rocky would have done the same thing if he were honest with himself."

For a brief moment in the match, Johnson's handsome face curled into a venial sneer. That was followed by a questionable swipe at Slater's turned back and a quick, barely conspicuous kick near the groin. It passed, but Slater eagerly pounded on it to make his point.

"I wasn't upset by it because I knew Johnson was giving way to his natural instincts. Just like you and me, baby," Slater said. □

THE KING OF MEMPHIS RETURNS



He's back! Fans throughout Tennessee, indeed, the entire wrestling world, rejoice at the announcement Jerry Lawler is fully healed and ready to take on a full wrestling load. And Lawler surely has a lot of scores to settle in Memphis. He has the competition. He has the desire. Which will win?

THE KING IS BACK!

T"Let me tell you all something," said Jerry Lawler, the self-proclaimed King of Memphis Wrestling. "It feels awful good to get back into the ring. Man, you don't realize how much you miss something until you get back to it.

"I knew how much I loved the competition of wrestling. But man, I didn't realize just how much I *really* loved it."

Evidently Lawler's absence from the ring while recuperating from a leg injury hasn't diminished his enthusiasm. Nor did his absence lessen the fiery intensity of his current feud.

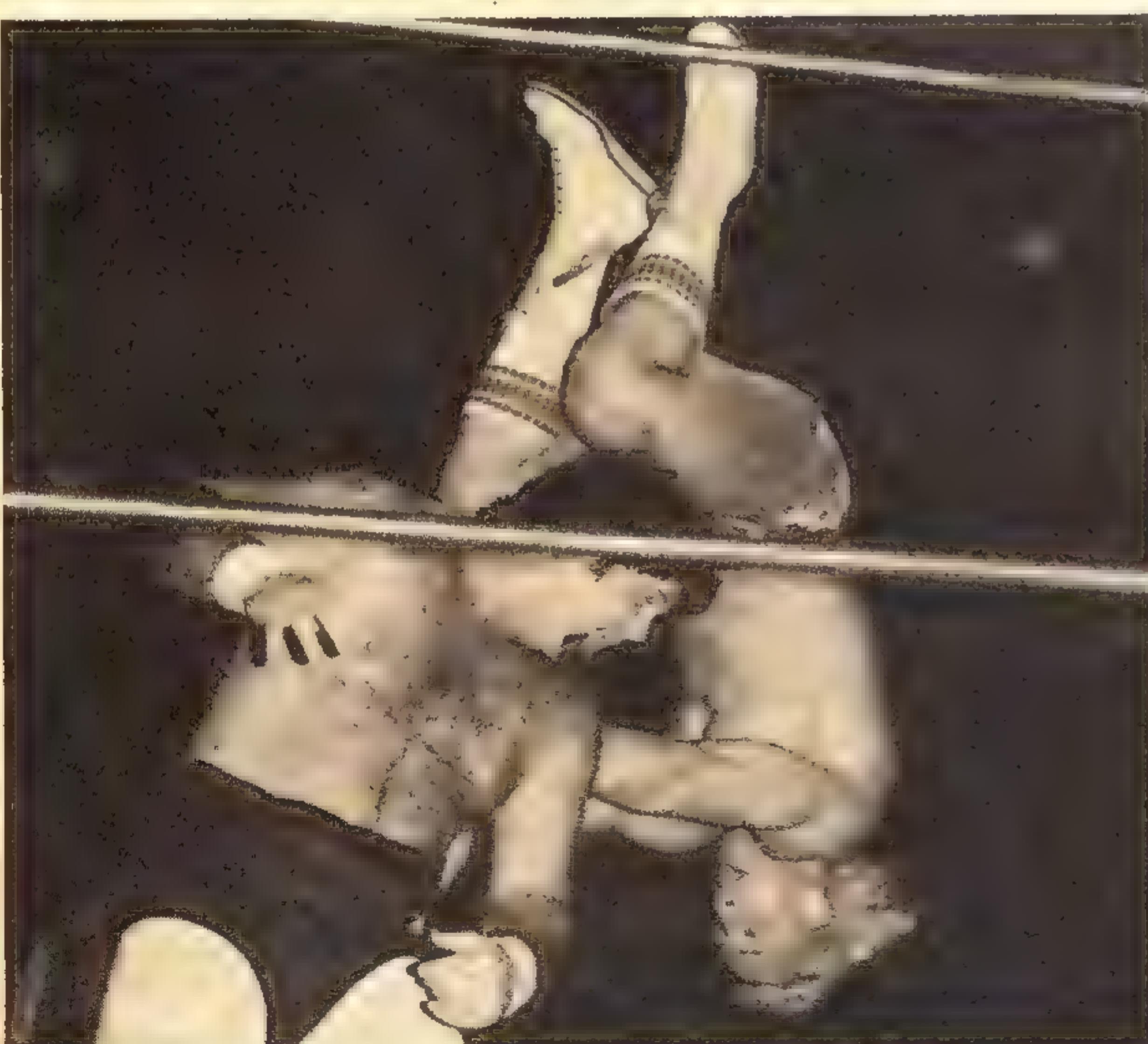
"I want Jimmy Hart," shouts Lawler. "I don't care where he is or who he manages. I want Hart's hide."

The war between Hart and Lawler goes back over a year. Hart

PHOTOS BY JIM CORNETTE



Jerry Lawler thwarts Jimmy Hart's attempt to help his wrestler (left). Lawler directs his attention and his right fist at a fallen Paul Ellering (above). Jerry watches the result of his backdrop as Ellering falls to the mat (below).



managed Lawler. For a time, their relationship was good and mutually beneficial.

"I thought he was my friend," said Lawler.

But Hart started slipping away from Lawler, finally breaking away to manage area rulebreakers. As if that weren't bad enough, Hart started bad-mouthing Lawler on television.

"I could almost understand why he'd look to manage other guys," said Lawler. "Hell, I won't put a guy down for ambition, and if he feels he can better himself with others, well, that's life, know what I mean?"

"But there was no call for him saying the kind of things he said about me. That I don't take from no man," continued Lawler.

Hart verbally assaulted Lawler
(Continued on page 49)

Pedro Morales had to fight a long way back to retain his title against the villainous Killer Khan.



**DOES THE
INTERCONTINENTAL
TITLE MEAN
TOO MUCH TO
PEDRO MORALES?**

PHOTOS BY
BILL APTER

HIS FACE SHOWS weariness. As much as Pedro Morales tries, he cannot completely conceal the exhaustion from his handsome face. His eyes carry bags. His mouth sags tiredly. His hands play with a wet towel, occasionally twitching nervously.

This is the price one pays for a championship. What worries all WWF fans is whether Morales is willing, or can even bear the harsh burden of the Intercontinental championship.

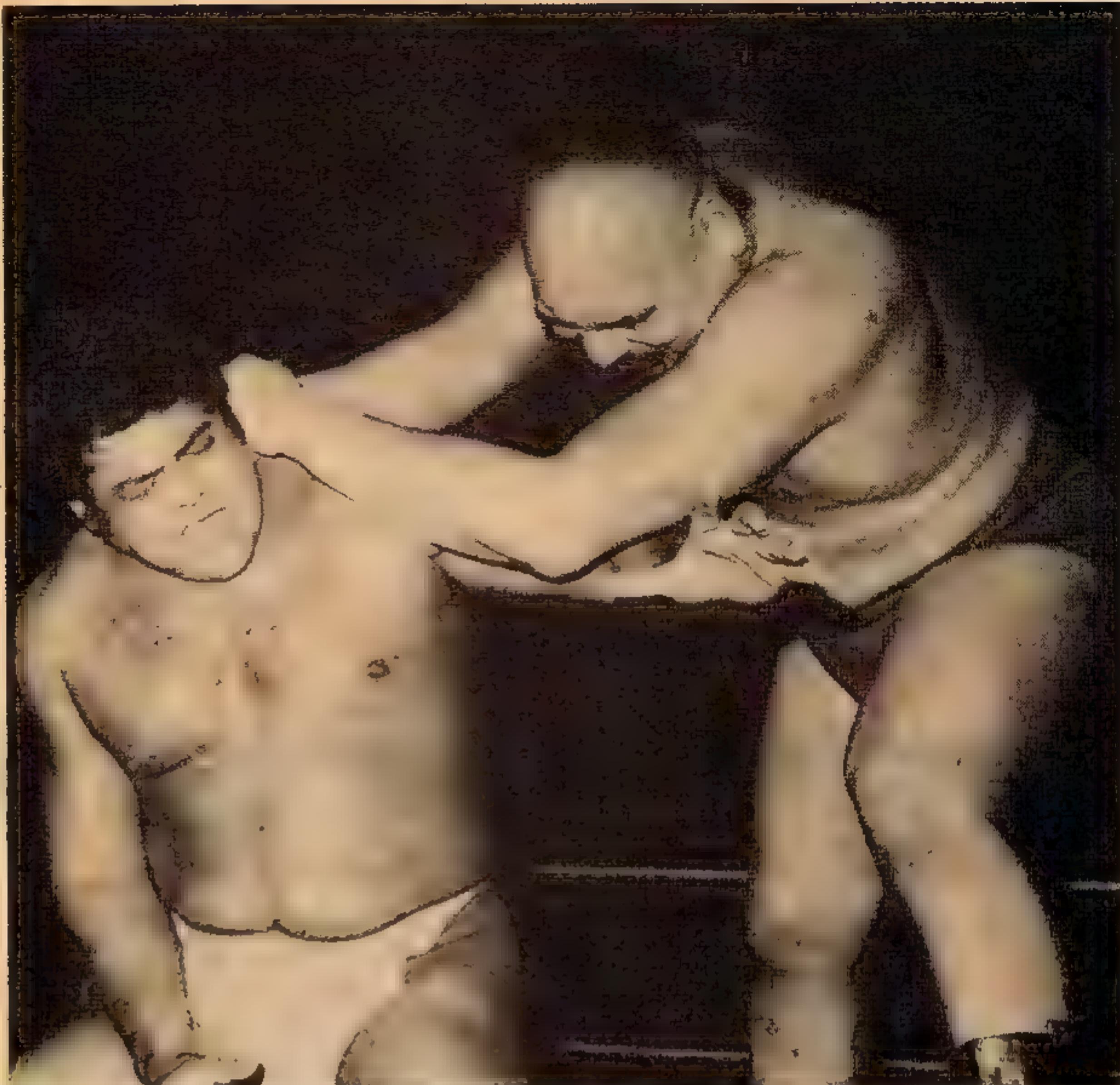
Morales snaps, angrily, quite uncharacteristically when questioned about the pressure. He will not admit to any strain whatsoever.

"I am okay, know, okay, no pressure, not tired, no, nothing wrong with Morales," the champion pounded his chest with a meaty fist. "I take care of all those bums. I take care of Patera. I take care of Khan. I take care of Slaughter. I no afraid of anyone. I ready for any kind of action, you know, any kind of action okay with Morales."

What else would Morales say? After all, a major title has been his objective since returning to the WWF months ago. If not the WWF individual title, held by good friend Bob Backlund, then the Intercontinental title.

Winning the belt required a massive expenditure of energy. Then-champion Ken Patera fought savagely to hold his belt. It took match after match after match for Morales to win the belt.

"I train every day, every day for hours," said Morales. "I no think of anything but that belt. I want it so badly I tasted it with my breakfast, with my lunch, with my dinner. I see the belt everywhere I go. I look in a window and see the belt. I go on a subway and see the belt. I sleep and see the belt."



Khan, who seems to know the location of every pressure point in the body, forces Morales to his knees. Note the look in Pedro's eyes. As the anger builds, so does his strength. He would not lose to this man.

Ever since Pedro Morales lost the WWF title, he has dreamed of winning another major championship. That is what he has worked toward all these years. That, and the love of his fans, brought him back to the WWF. Now that he has won the Intercontinental championship, Morales discovers the price may be too high

"No man wanted the belt like Morales. He wanted it so much he could taste it," said Pedro. "Yeah, now it is mine and no one can take it away. No man alive is strong enough to take away the belt. I would die before losing the belt."

As if Morales' ferocious climb to the top weren't draining enough, considerable controversy lingers as to the legality of title victory. Fans may remember that Pat Patterson, arch-enemy of Patera, refereed the match in which Morales

won the title. Patera claimed partiality. Both Patterson and Morales deny it.

But Morales feels he has even more to prove, as if to silence the doubts about his championship status.

"I know that Patera say bad things about me and Patterson," said Morales. "I know he think I cheat. I no cheat. I am champion. I win fair and square. I pay the price. I never cheat in my whole life. I am honest. I am a good man."

(Continued on page 56)



A BUILDING IS only as strong as its foundation. It might appear intimidating, might even cast a giant shadow about its smaller neighbors. But if the roots are saturated with rot, its demise is inevitable. All that remains is the catalyst for destruction.

Enter demolition expert Dusty Rhodes. Meet the target, Killer Karl Kox. But please evacuate the street below. One of Kox's arms might injure someone when dislodged from its socket.

Throughout their matches in

Florida, Dusty has exhibited great delight in his role. Uncharacteristic delight, we might add.

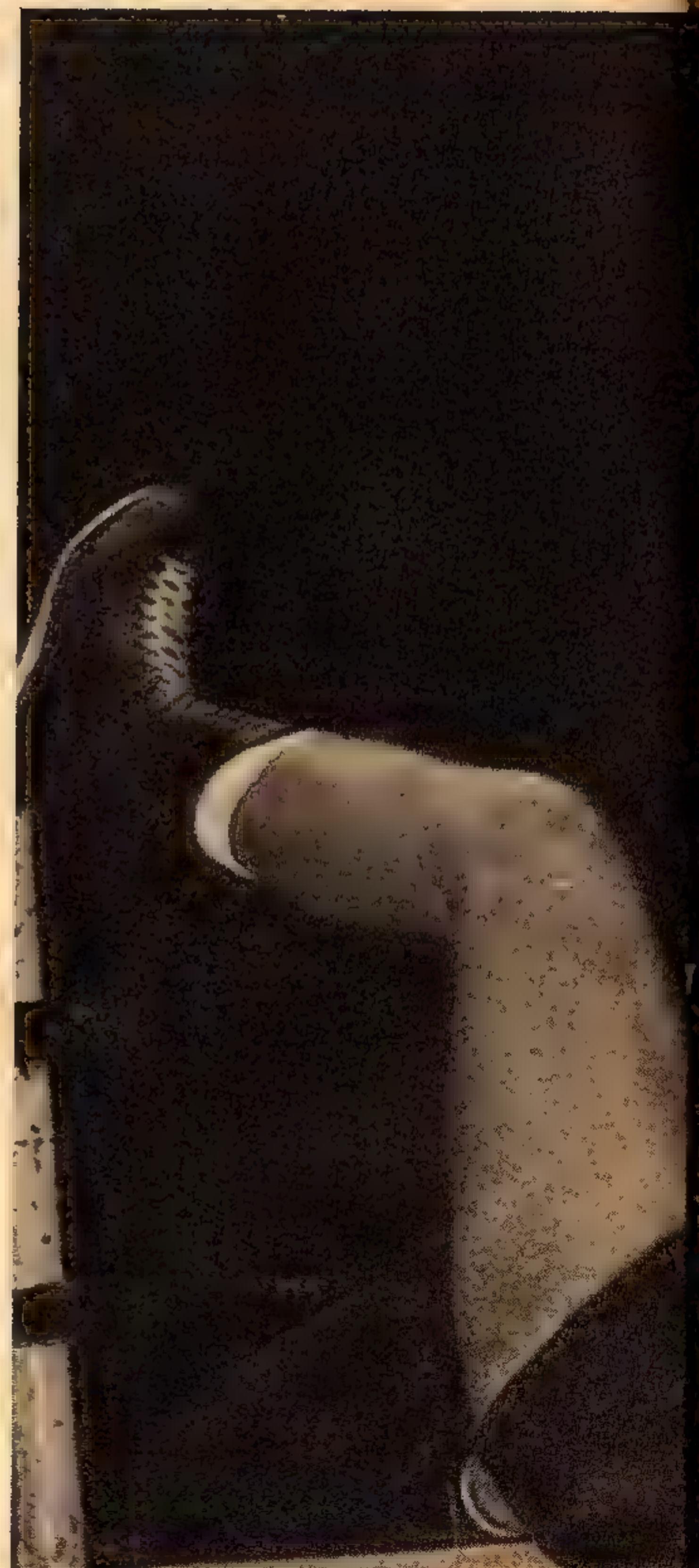
"You can only hold back so much. When I look at him something goes pop inside of me and I just want to level him," Dusty said in explaining his behavior.

Yet Rhodes becomes shockingly quiet when asked about the cause for his contempt.

"He is a disgrace to wrestling," Dusty mumbled, his mouth twitching soundlessly in preparation for another sentence.

THE "TOWER OF KILLER KARL KOX"

Below: Dusty pays Kox back with an enraged twist of Killer's face. Kox had tried to escape Rhodes' wrath by climbing out of the ring, but the American Dream was not to be denied. He reached over the rope and grabbed Kox's mouth and nose and pulled until blood gushed.



PHOTOS BY PAUL BAUMAN

Killer Karl Kox should have known better. He should never have faced a man so tough as Dusty Rhodes. In this brutal battle, the "Tower of Power" taught Kox a lesson he will not soon forget!

he constrained away.

But what else?

"Nothing else. Isn't that reason enough?" Dusty's eyes blazed in inner fury.

That is interesting. It isn't that Dusty's ethics should be questioned. His reputation for honesty is justifiably based.

However, as veteran Dusty Rhodes-watchers, it is easy to see there is more, much, much more.

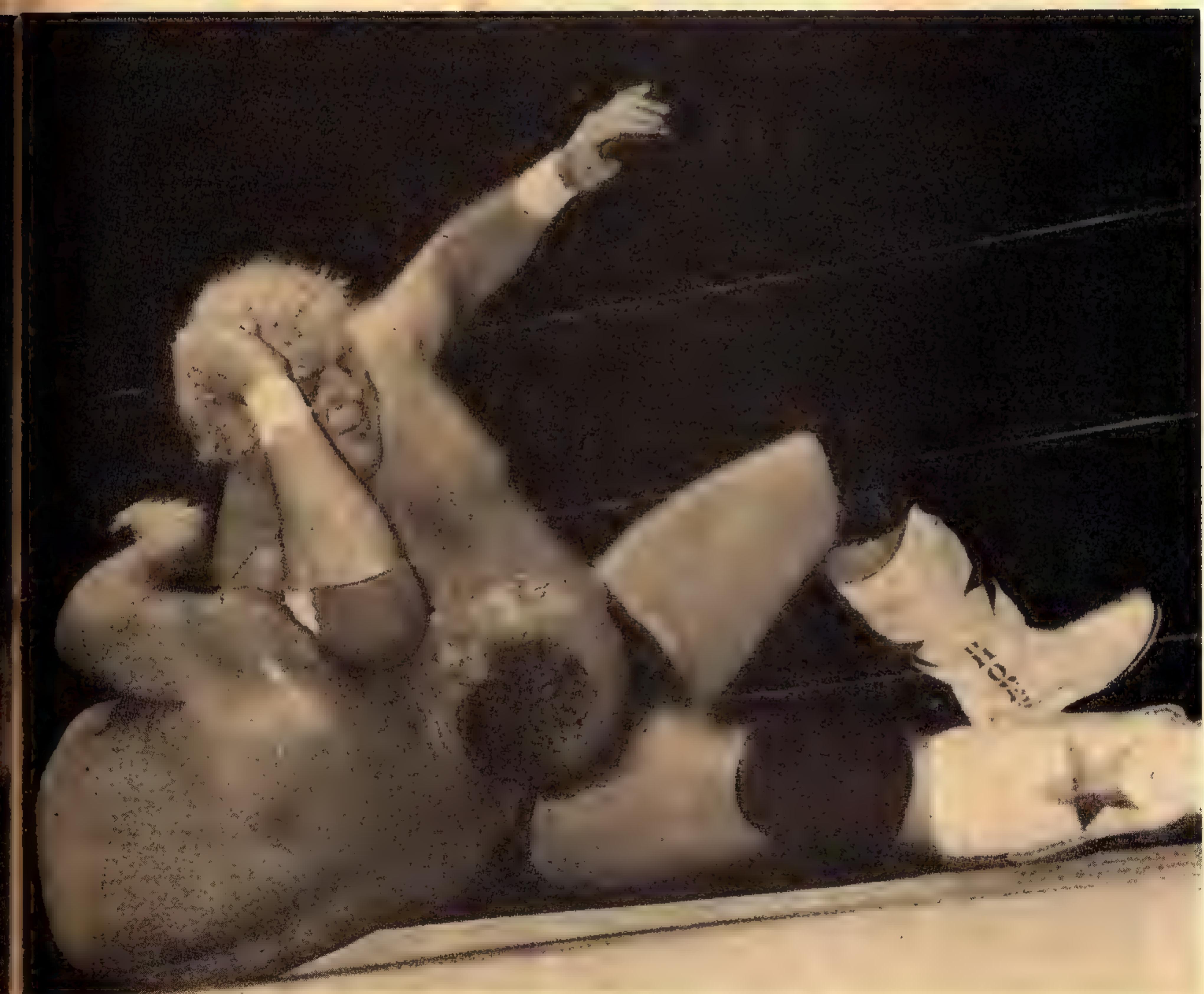
The first brawl between Rhodes and Kox, the first of several in which they have indulged, may produce a clue. A clue? The entire answer.

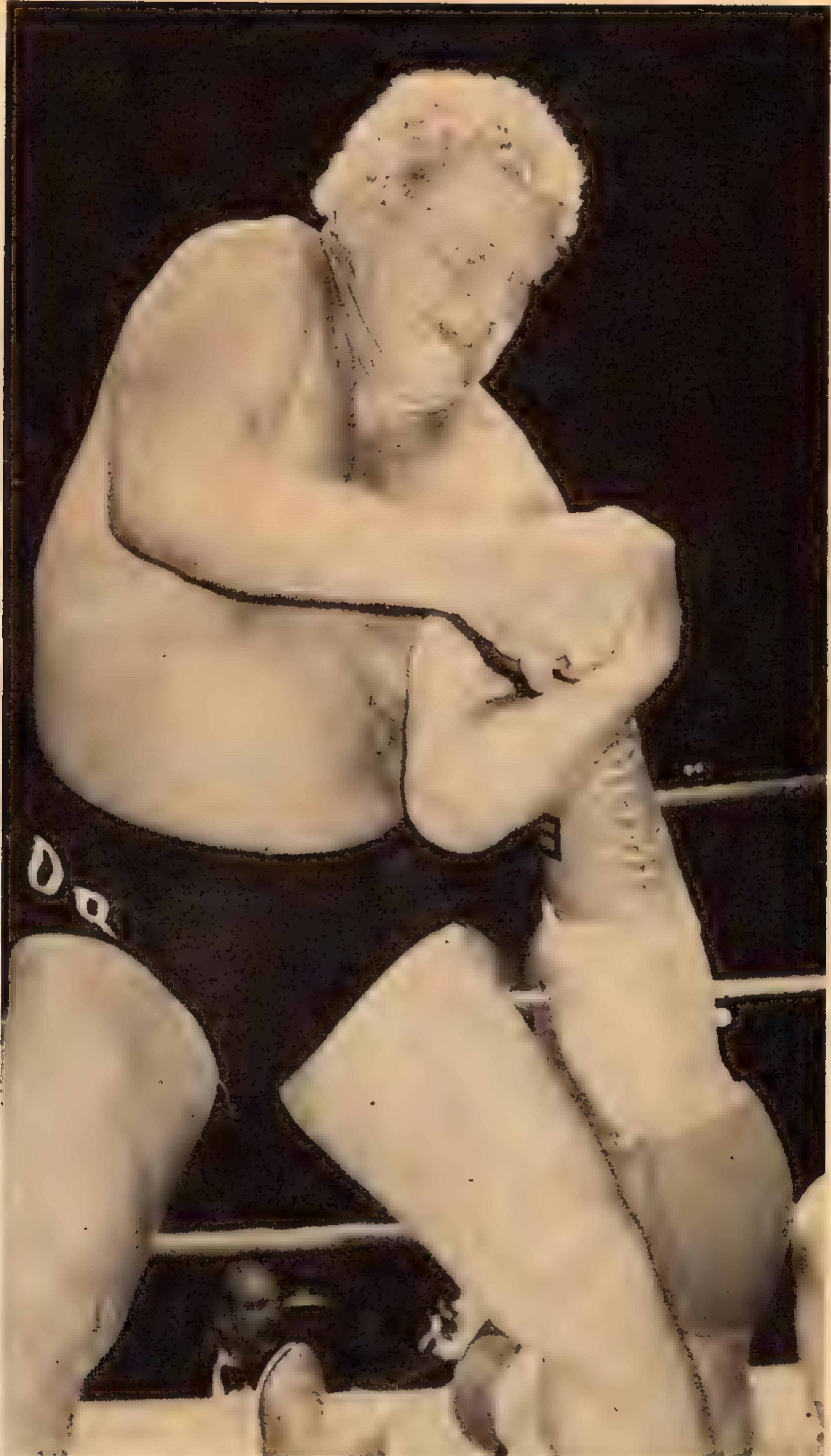
Kox, in his typical arrogance,

sauntered about the ring right before the match. He strutted and issued some bland threats to the indifferent "American Dream." After launching several crass, inherently ignorant remarks, one such remark found a home in Dusty's neck and caused bulging

(Continued on page 62)

"POWER" FAILS ON





PHOTOS BY SCOTT ROMER

YOU COULDN'T FIND four guys who had such active dislike for each other.

Take Andre the Giant on the subject of Ernie Ladd:

"He is a big bully who likes to push people around and pick on guys smaller than him. Well, he better know he cannot pick on me."

Take Bruiser Brodie on Dick the Bruiser:

"An old feeble man who had one beer too many and now it's rottin' his brain. He can't hardly think and he's lucky he can find his way home at night."

How about Ladd on Andre?

"I don't care much for ugly people. But Andre goes far beyond ugliness. If you had to put a picture in the dictionary to define ugly so all the world would know what you meant when you called someone ugly, you'd use Andre's face. If you can call that a face."

And, Dick the Bruiser on Brodie:

"The man's a psycho, a nut, a complete nut, deranged. You think a guy like that ain't dangerous, probably has all kinda diseases floatin' around in his bloodstream, probably give diseases to rats, wouldn't surprise me if he could cause the plague, yech, the man is a maniac."

With utter hatred amongst these four gentlemen, it should surprise no one that a recent tag team match pitting Andre and Bruiser against Brodie and Ladd exploded into a brutal bout without parallel in the

BATTLE BRUISEERS AND

They charge forth with such ferocious ambition that many people must turn aside when they meet. Absolutely nothing can alter the way Bruiser Brodie and Bruiser attack each other. And the same is true for Andre the Giant and Ernie Ladd. They want nothing short of the other's destruction. They will pay any price, bear any burden to accomplish that violent end

annals of pro wrestling history.

But why do these men tear at their rivals? Why does so much hate exist?

"Firstly, lemme say that a nut like Brodie who goes off and takes my God-given name of Bruiser, a name I deserve, a name I worked hard for, a name I won through my fists and stompin' other people's faces and slippin' and slidin' around in their blood, for him to come off and take my name made me very, very mad," shouts Bruiser.

"How dare he, the little twerp. I wanted to get him in a tag team match so I could rip his straggly hair outta his crazy skull and bash his face into the canvas and make him whine and cry like the baby he is 'til he says he ain't gonna use my name and he ain't gonna go around and whip on people. That's why I wanted this match, jack."

Brodie's hate for Bruiser resembles a religious fanaticism.

"I do not think old men should wrestle," he said: "Bruiser is an old man. He dribbles when he wrestles. He falls down a lot. He has called me names, nasty names which hurt me. I am a nice man. Why does he hate me? Why, because I hate him.



Ernie Ladd's left leg is the center of attention. Andre works on the limb (above), while Crusher gives it a twist (opposite page).

OF THE BEHEMOTHS



He is an old fogie and I will wipe his head off his shoulders."

The rivalry between Ladd and Andre stems from their common physical stature.

"All my career, I tried very hard to erase an image of a big man as a bully," said Andre. "People would point their fingers at me and say I only won

because I am so much bigger than everyone else. I tried and worked very hard and very patiently to show that there was more to Andre than size.

"But Ladd is just a bully. He pushes people around because he has no skills to use. He makes many problems for me, not when we wrestle; when I



Bruiser drives his fists into Bruiser Brodie's face (left). Brodie claims Bruiser hit him with a low blow (above).

wrestle other places. I must destroy Ladd so that I can continue about my chosen path."

Ladd wants Andre destroyed out of personal distaste.

"What can be worse than a freak? There are so many fine and beautiful things in life such as great paintings and great sculptures and wonderful buildings and the sky and the moon and stars, all that I have given mankind. Then I must look around and see a failure, an ugly creature ruining the beauty I worked hard to create. I cannot allow what I created to be sullied by that hideous freak. I want all the world to reflect my own personal beauty. Andre is a pus-filled wart on my kingdom."

Needless to say, with such deep, almost spiritual animosity amongst these men, it is small wonder their tag team match, however violent, failed to resolve the vast differences only hate can create.

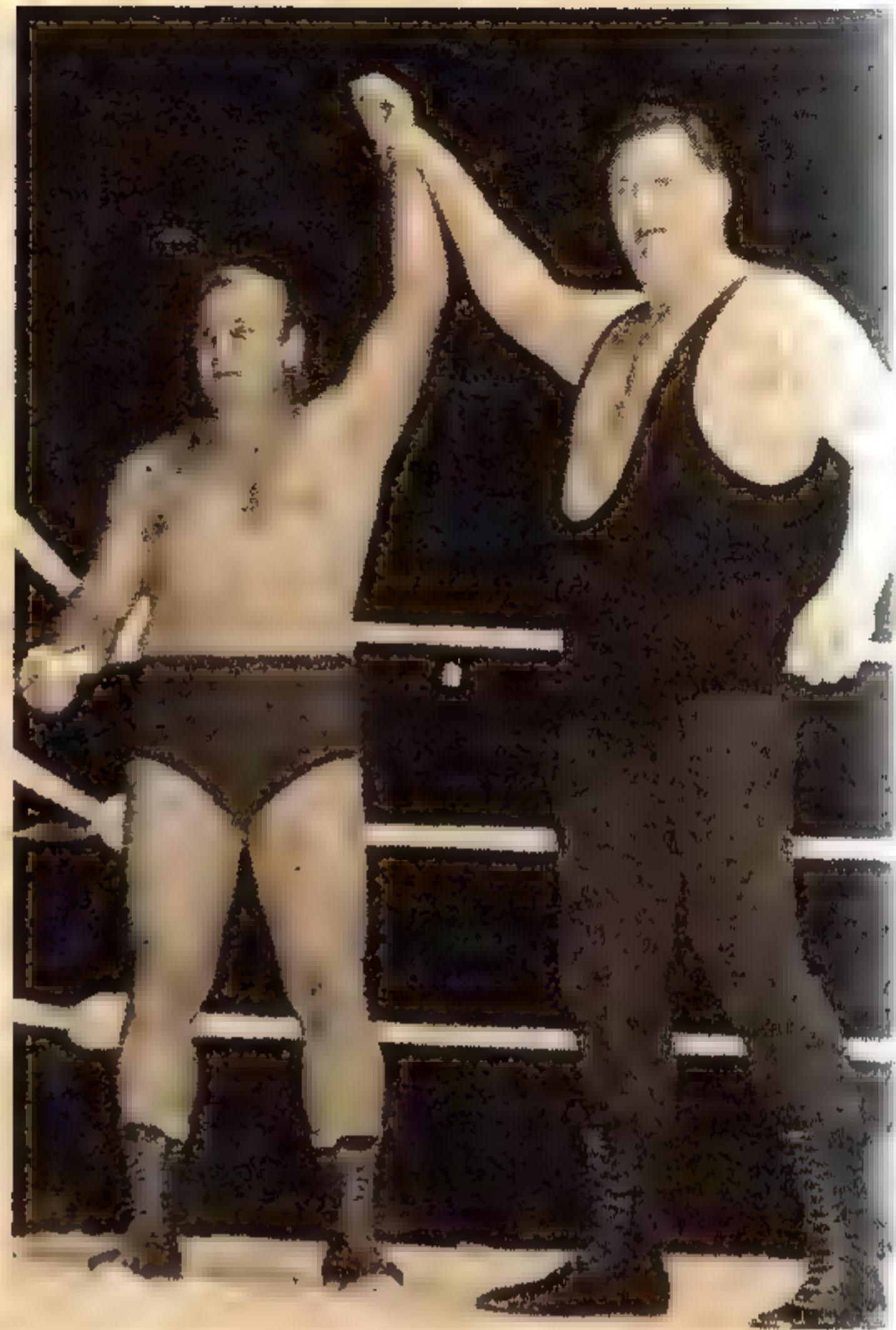
Perhaps someday they will understand the world is big enough for all of them. Until that happens, the entire planet is a battleground for their hatred. □

SCRAPBOOK

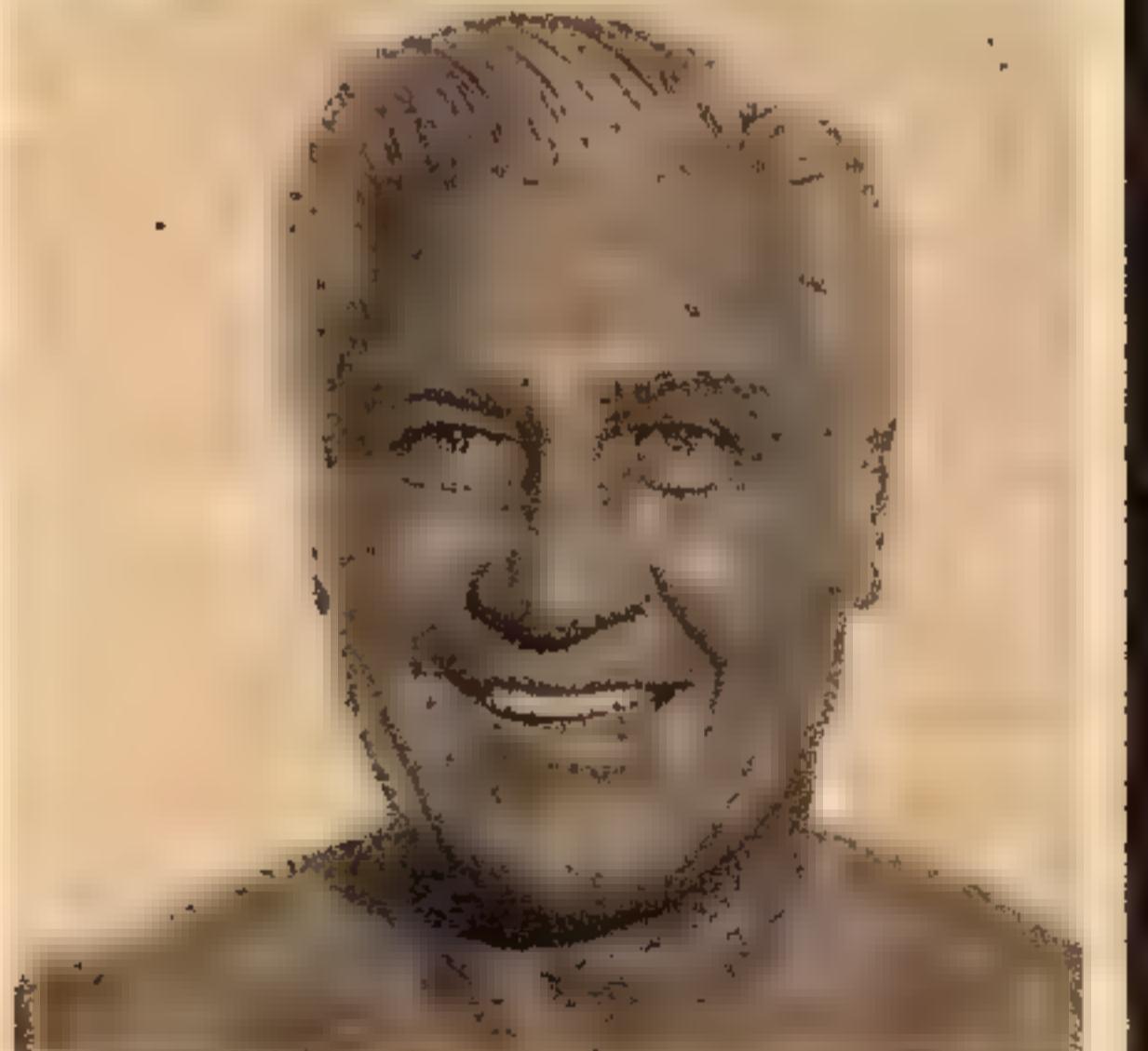
MARCH /
APRIL
1966

Fans wondered just how long the new alliance formed between Bruno Sammartino and Johnny Valentine would last. The two, once bitter enemies, joined forces to try and destroy mutual enemies, The Miller Brothers . . . Waldo Von Erich had a blazing feud with Bobo Brazil. Bobo vowed, "I will destroy that Nazi and make

wrestling safe for scientific wrestlers once again." . . . The sensational Vittorio "Argentina" Apollo took wrestling by storm. His high flying style, reminiscent of the great Antonino Rocca, earned him a legion of fans throughout the sport. Apollo's dropkick was one of the most accurate and highly effective weapons in wrestling . . . NWA Champion Gene Kiniski had a tough challenge in the person of Dick the Bruiser. Kiniski admitted that he never seems to do well against a maniacal brawler like Bruiser, the "One Man Riot Squad." . . . Back in action after being sidelined with a kidney ailment, Freddie Blassie



Left: NWA champion Gene Kiniski fires a right as Dick the Bruiser counters with a simultaneous left. Above: Dan and Bill Miller celebrate another victory. Below: Fred Blassie resumed his career after being out of action with a kidney ailment.



returned to wrestling and won his comeback match in Georgia . . . Newcomer Blackjack Lanza showed how well he can use the bow and arrow hold by winning 15 straight matches with it . . . The terror of The Mongolian Stomper started. Veteran mat-



observers stated they had never seen a meaner wrestler... One of the best scientific wrestlers of all time, Karl Gotch, unveiled his German Suplex. It is a brutal scientific maneuver that many wrestlers would copy for years to come... Wrestling was stunned by the death of one of its great Indian stars, Don Eagle. His fans, world-wide, mourned their irreplaceable loss



One of the greatest and most popular Indian wrestlers of all time, Chief Don Eagle, passed away.

... Mad Dog Vachon sent out a poorly scribbled press release challenging any and all wrestlers to beat him at any type of match they want. The Mad Dog was convinced no one on earth could beat him. He still is.

MARCH/ APRIL 1971

Fred Blassie, new to the experience of being a fan favorite and having every madman in Los Angeles after him, was viciously attacked by Dutch Savage as he displayed his Americas

championship during a televised interview at the Olympic Auditorium. Savage grabbed the belt out of Blassie's hands and whacked him over the head until Fred collapsed, drenched in his own blood. Looking down at the battered titleholder, Savage yelled, "Is that what you call a champion? I'm gonna take his name off the title belt and put the rightful owner's name on it—Dutch Savage." Blassie was removed on a stretcher while Savage strutted with the belt around his waist... Newly crowned WWF champion Pedro Morales earned cage match

victories over Bulldog Brower in Boston and Philadelphia... Morales also made his first defense at Madison Square Garden since taking the title from Ivan Koloff in the same arena. A crowd of 21,430 paid \$84,615 to see Morales defeat Blackjack Mulligan in 13:20... In a desperate move that served its purpose but also earned a stiff fine, Rene Goulet slugged the referee to retain his Southern heavyweight title against Ron Fuller... The Sheik extended his unbelievable Canadian unbeaten string with victories over two future Hall of Famers, Haystacks



Pedro Morales springs from the top rope upon a dazed Blackjack Mulligan, leading to a victory in his first title defense at New York's Madison Square Garden.



Calhoun and Bobo Brazil . . . AWA champion Verne Gagne was ordered to defend his title against Japanese star Kobayashi within 30 days. Kobayashi quickly moved into the number-one challenger's position by winning a 12-man Battle Royal in Minneapolis and scoring impressive victories over Pepper Gomez, Edouard Carpentier, and Ivan Kalmikoff . . . In the San Francisco Cow Palace, Superstar Graham and Pat Patterson combined to defeat Ray Stevens and Peter Maivia . . . Bruno Sammartino, in an exclusive interview with THE WRESTLER (June 1971) three months after losing his WWF title to Ivan Koloff, said he did not plan to retire but would reduce his number of matches. "Being champion

Bruno Sammartino sends Ivan Koloff across the ring in the match that would eventually mark the end of his long WWF title reign (above left). Bruno announced that he would reduce his schedule so he could spend more time with his family. Andre the Giant raises the arm of Ivan Putski as the two formed a popular and successful tag team (above right).

carries certain responsibilities and many of them are not pleasant," he said. "Losing my title lifted a great burden off my shoulders. I want to rest. I want to enjoy my family. My wonderful family."

MARCH/ APRIL 1976

Blackjack Mulligan gave Paul Jones such a brutal, albeit illegal beating, that the Texan not only captured

Jones' U.S. title, he had the pleasure of seeing his bloody opponent carried from the ring . . . Acting in his brother's behalf, Dory Funk Jr. offered a \$5,000 bounty on the head of Dusty Rhodes, NWA champion Terry Funk's number-one challenger . . . Rhodes was also involved in a bloody feud with Ric Flair . . . Ivan Putski

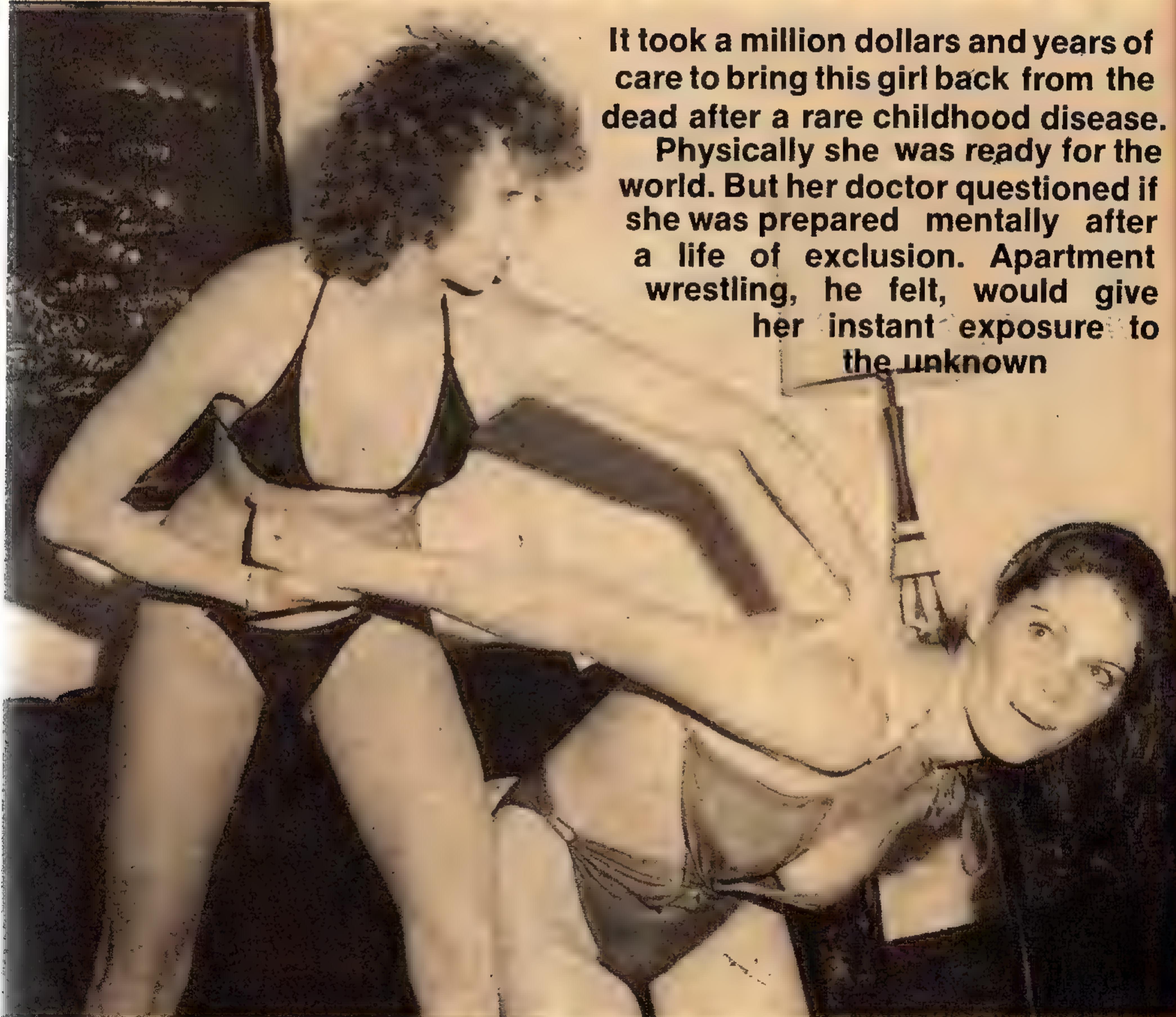


and Andre the Giant formed one of the most popular tag teams of the decade . . . Captain Lou Albano boldly predicted that his Executioners would easily take the WWF tag team title from Louis Cerdan and Tony Parisi . . . Los Angeles fans were amazed at the youthfulness of Gory Guerrero, who came up from Mexico to team with his son, Chavo . . . Nick Bockwinkel disregarded the belt Verne Gagne wore so proudly so long and had an AWA belt designed especially for him . . . After a trip to the Middle East, Bearcat Wright returned with an "increased awareness" and a new name, (Continued on page 58)

PHOTOS BY BILL OTTEN

APARTMENT

MILLION DOLLAR



It took a million dollars and years of care to bring this girl back from the dead after a rare childhood disease.

Physically she was ready for the world. But her doctor questioned if she was prepared mentally after a life of exclusion. Apartment wrestling, he felt, would give her instant exposure to the unknown

LIKE A PAINTER inspecting his masterpiece, Dr. Donald Young circled the beautiful woman. Her chiseled features, a body voluptuous yet powerful, and an aura of energy that made the air around her seem to

crackle, all this met with the doctor's approval. He smiled with a sense of self-satisfaction.

Miranda delighted in his inspection and subsequent approval. Her entire life had been aimed to please this

medical genius. After all, others in his profession believed she should have died years ago. Only Dr. Young felt there was a chance to save her.

At the age of five years old, Miranda began to whither. Her

WRESTLING'S LAR WILDCAT

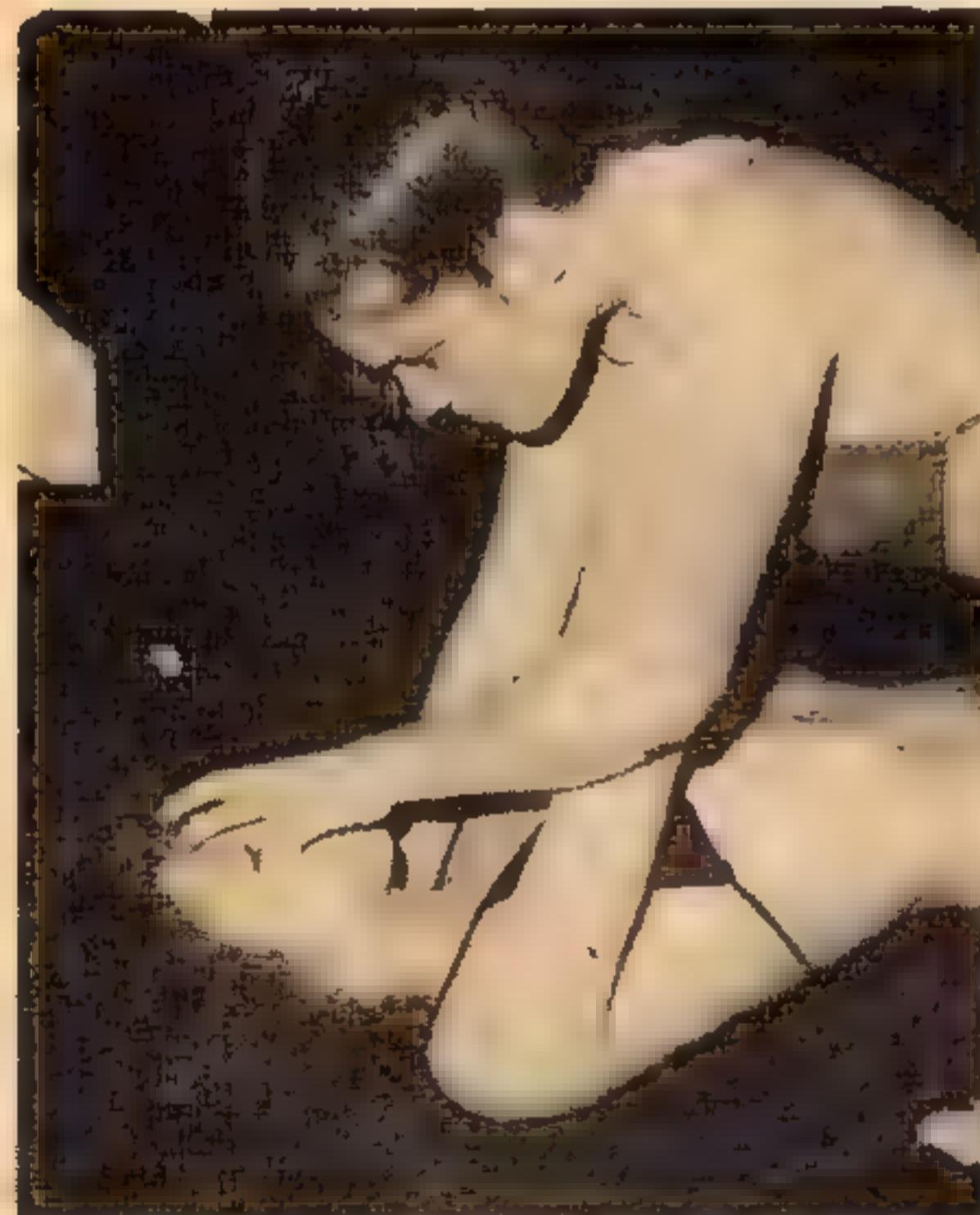
once healthy body lost its tone. The active child spent more and more time taking naps. Then she began to pass out. At first, doctors had no idea what caused this deterioration. Then, the first of many pediatric specialists diagnosed her trouble as Milosh's Syndrome.

This rare disease inflicts perhaps one in five million children; there have been only 35 reported cases in the last decade (though more children are believed to die from it but go undiagnosed). In almost all cases, the disease is fatal.

Yet, Dr. Young saw a spark in this child that refused to allow him to give up. For the next 15 years, Dr. Young saw Miranda almost daily. Thousands of tests were made. There are rumors that some of the medicines given Miranda were not exactly legal. For the first three years, Miranda grew sicker. Although by all rights she should have been dead by this time, Young persevered even when no hope seemed to exist. By the age of 15, Miranda was diagnosed healthy by a score of top physicians.

Still, she was more like a hot house flower than a teenage girl. Due to her extensive medical treatments, Miranda had never been to school. She had no friends besides Dr. Young and his nurse. Even though she'd been given a clean bill of health, the doctors felt returning to the bustle of ordinary living might be too much for her.

So, despite her apparent



Desperately, trying to escape Portia's vise-like legscissors, Miranda sinks her razor sharp talons into her opponent's thigh (above). Miranda then uses her fingers for offense as she squeezes the strength out of Portia with a brain claw (below). Miranda is in the process of entering the world through the portal of violence.

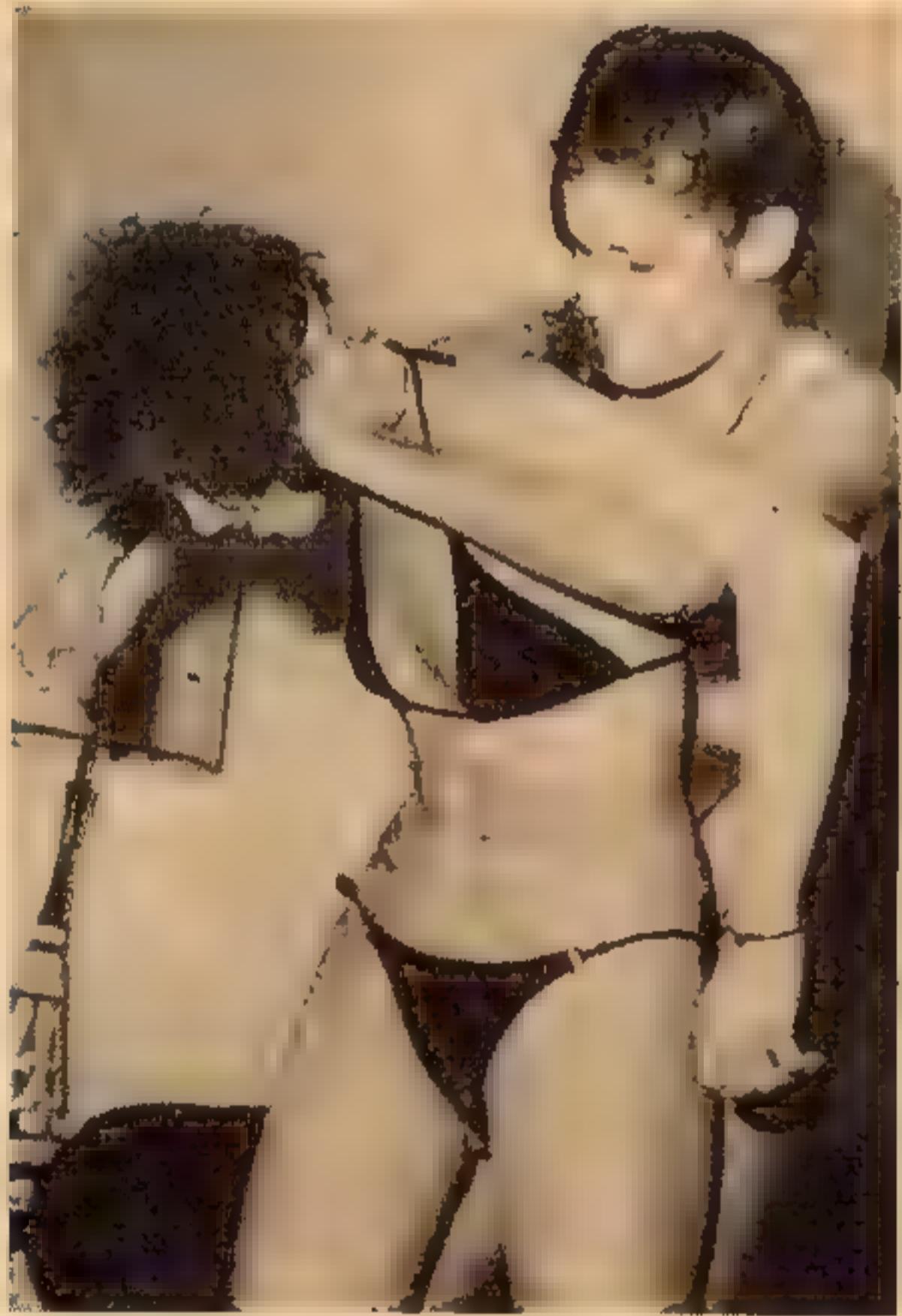
of 20 she was a splendid physical specimen.

And so, on a day in April, Dr. Young inspected a woman he now considered his creation. She stood tall and majestic as he circled her beautiful body. Then, with a smile on his face, he sat down.

Miranda went to his desk and filled his pipe with custom blended tobacco. He brought the pipe to his lips as she placed the lighter to the bowl. He inhaled deeply. As it never failed to do, the aroma from his pipe delighted her.

"Miranda," Dr. Young began,

health, for the next five years Miranda led a sheltered life. The solitude allowed her to blossom. Under the strict physical regimen devised by Dr. Young, Miranda grew into a beauty. She was nurtured with the best medical care, the latest technical advances. At the age



"the time has come for you to go out into the world beyond this clinic. You're a beautiful, intelligent woman. Things can only be good for you."

Miranda fainted.

An hour later, Miranda was lying in her hospital bed shaking violently. It had never occurred to her that someday she'd be forced to leave the clinic. This was comparable to telling the average person he must go to live on Mars. Though she read newspapers and watched television, the world beyond the clinic seemed to be a fantasy land. It had no

For years, the only encouragement Miranda received was from her doctor. The gorgeous brunette momentarily takes her mind off her task at hand as she is overwhelmed by the urging of the entire gathering (above). With a mean streak nobody could have ever imagined she could possess, Miranda tries to snap Portia's neck with a full-nelson (left). relationship to her life. Now she was being forced to confront a world to which she was a stranger.

For the next week, Miranda was scared and withdrawn. Her parents were terrified of a relapse, perhaps Milosh's Syndrome would take her life after all. Dr. Young wasn't worried about that. He did fear that her horror of a normal life could lead to a breakdown.

"The pity," Dr. Young pointed out, "is that Miranda doesn't realize what a magnificent woman she is. If there was some way to prove to her that the world will welcome her, then all will be well. Now, we can do it gradually, exposing her to controlled situations for short periods of time. This may take another 15 years, leaving her socially retarded, a 35-year-old woman with a 20 year old's mind."

Miranda's father, a stockbroker to whom money had

long ago ceased to be a problem, asked, "Is there another way? We have not spent a million dollars to cure our daughter only to learn she can never take her rightful place in society."

Dr. Young stood up, consciously trying to make himself appear more imposing by looking down on the parents. "There is another way. Miranda is a magnificent physical specimen. She can learn the value of that in one night. I want to make her an apartment wrestler."

"You're mad!" Miranda's mother screamed. "She'll be brutalized!"

Miranda's father sat expressionlessly in his chair. If Dr. Young had stood on a ladder, he wouldn't have intimidated this man.

"She's strong enough," the father said, "but she's never been in competition before. She's never been in front of a group of people before. You're asking a lot of her."

"I expect a lot of her."
"You'll choose the opponent."
"No."

"My wife is right. You are mad."

"No, it's the only way. We have to let her know she is going into this on her own. We will not and cannot protect her. It's her match to win or lose. Just like it's her life to win or lose."

The look on Miranda's mother's face was a combination of fear and rage. Dr. Young ignored it. He stared at the father. Over the years, when anything risky had to be chanced, the decision had always been the husband's. It would be like that for this decision.

"What are the chances of this working?" the father asked.

"It depends on Miranda," the doctor evenly replied.

"Go ahead. Make any arrangements you want. But I will not attend."

Dr. Young nodded. Furious, Miranda's mother rushed from the room.

Two weeks later, Miranda was driven to a penthouse in New York. She'd been through a rugged training regimen, but it still had been only a game within the clinic. Now, the situation was beyond the doctor's control. Miranda would have to control the situation herself or be at its mercy.

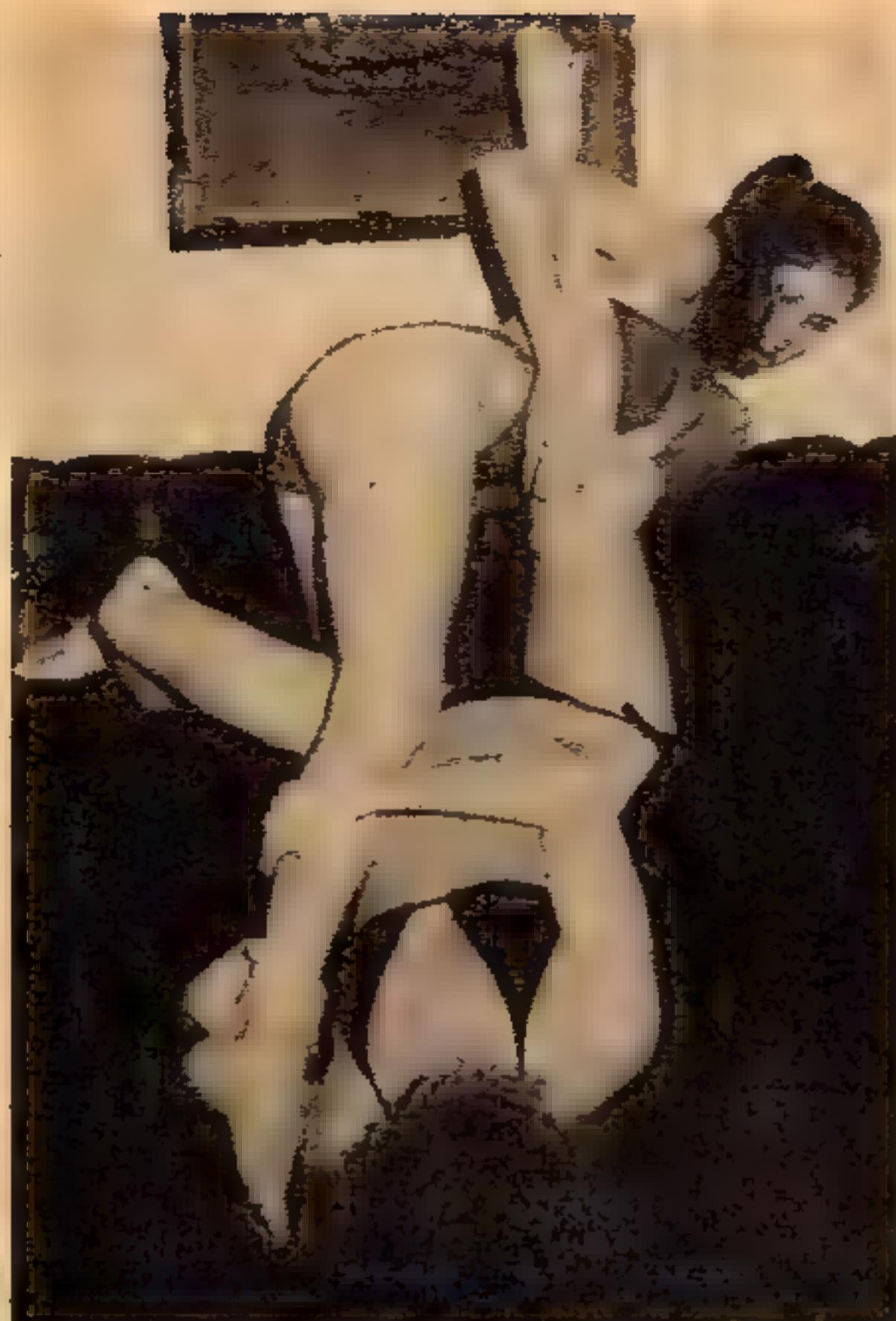
She walked into the bedroom and donned her swimsuit. She moved as if in a trance. Later, the doctor admitted he was scared. Then, he simply wished her good luck and returned to the living room.

Her opponent, Portia, was already there. A strawberry blonde with a lithe battler's body, she nervously paced her corner of the room. On seeing Miranda, she smiled. Though she didn't know Miranda's history, Portia knew a novice when she saw one.

There were short introductions. The doctor was seated in the back, reinforcing the sense of isolation Miranda felt. Then, as if this match was no different from any other, the signal was given to begin.

Miranda took two steps forward and froze. Portia, seeing a panicked opponent, took her time. She stalked purposefully forward. Then, with lightning swiftness, she grabbed Miranda around the legs and lifted up. The beautiful brunette went crashing to the carpet. Her head smacked against the floor. That was the beginning.

Something deep inside Miranda exploded. The spirit that forced her to survive impossible odds as a child



With Portia's shapely body bent helplessly over the sofa, the sleek, yet powerful, Miranda takes full command. Forcing Portia's left leg into the cushion, Miranda forces her right leg in the opposite direction (above). Portia flails away with her right fist, but there is not enough power behind the blows to force Miranda to release her scissors lock (below).



again overtook her. Fear, tension, hesitancy, all were gone. The woman was now a symphony of grace, power, and determination.

At first, Miranda was clumsy. Portia controlled the action, twisting the blonde's limbs

and nearly suffocating her in a brutal bearhug. Yet, even suffering this intense assault, Miranda never appeared victimized. She was learning, maturing under the most savage pressure. Soon, Portia grew cautious. She didn't know why, but she sensed something awesome was about to happen. That something awesome was Miranda.

Those who saw the moment will never forget it. Miranda had just broken free of Portia's chokehold. There are those who swear she grew taller as she faced her foe. Certainly, her voluptuous frame swelled with a sense of power. Then she attacked.

Her right arm grabbed Portia's left. Miranda tugged with all her might. As Portia stumbled toward her, Miranda drove her shoulder into the side of Portia's ribcage. Portia grunted in pain and her legs

went rubbery. Miranda grabbed the blonde by her hair, twisting Portia's left arm as she did. The blonde screamed in pain and crumpled to the carpet.

Miranda was like a whirlwind. She twisted and tortured her foe
(Continued on page 64)

BOB DUNCUM

(Continued from Page 25)

Why is it that other wrestlers are permitted the luxury of deciding their own fate while he has to fly off to New York at a moment's notice? Technically, the answer is that Bob Duncum agreed to "open contracts" in both the WWF and Mid-Atlantic areas to wrestle anyone the promoters wanted him to. However, while such contracts generally provide a clause whereby a wrestler can decline to leave the area he currently wrestles in, that particular provision was left out of Duncum's contract.

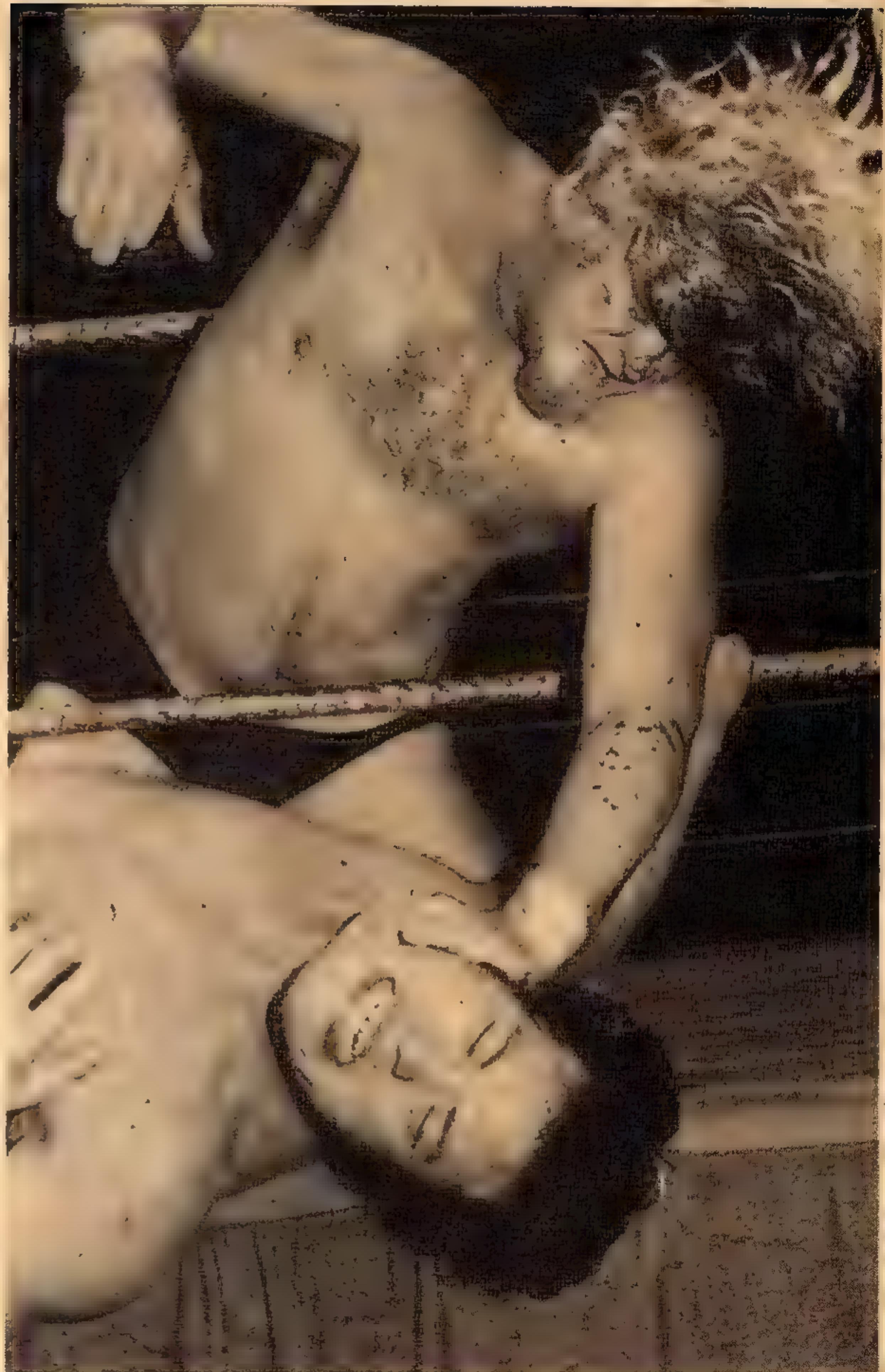
"It was there when I signed it," he claims. "Somebody is trying to get me. Maybe it's more than one person. Or maybe it's the whole sport."

Duncum would get just a few hours sleep before he would have to get up and devise some sort of plan to wrestle Inoki. His chances would be very slim: You cannot defeat a man like Inoki wrestling defensively. Yet, he would have to wrestle defensively to protect his injured forehead.

He could only hope that Inoki would have an off night. He rarely does.

Inoki immediately went after Duncum's forehead. One quick flick of his fingers and the bandage was gone. Another flick and out came the stitches.

Soon both wrestlers were cover with blood. But it all belonged to Duncum. One can say what they like about the Texan, but it can never be said that he lacks courage. He fought back bravely, seemingly becoming stronger as his body grew weaker. Finally, the referee, who was ordered by the ringside physician to keep close tabs on the injury, had no choice but to stop the contest. Duncum



Bleeding profusely from the opening moments of the match, a weakened Duncum uses his last ounce of strength in an assault on World Martial Arts Champion Inoki. Eventually, the referee determined Duncum to be unfit to continue.

objected briefly, but knew the referee had done the right thing.

"You wrestle Blackjack Mulligan one night and he rips your face open," Duncum said. "Then you have to wrestle Inoki in another part of the country the next day? What kind of life is this? It's not fair, but will they

allow me to get out of my contract? No! They want to ruin me and they're succeeding. Damn it, they're succeeding!"

A tapping on the dressing room door silenced the enraged wrestler.

"Telegram, Mr. Duncum," a voice said.

THE KING OF MEMPHIS

(Continued from Page 33)



These sequence shots show the awesome power Lawler possesses in his right hand as he sends Ellering flying back with a cross to the jaw. Jerry hoped to have the opportunity to do the same to Hart, but it was not to be.

at every conceivable opportunity. Lawler can almost quote the attacks word for word. But he won't.

"Makes me too damn wild. I gotta stay in control of myself. I gotta show a careful, methodical way of destroying that bum and wiping him off the face of the earth," said Lawler.

What makes Lawler's holy crusade so interesting is his total disregard for anyone else. It doesn't matter to him who Hart manages. All he cares about is destroying the man.

"Hey, I don't have all that much against Paul Ellering," Lawler said of a recent opponent. "Not that I'm gonna invite the guy over for dinner or anything like that. No, I just want to get at Hart. That Ellering happens to be managed by Hart is just Ellering's bad luck."

"It's Hart I want. Real bad."

The Lawler-Ellering match delighted a capacity crowd. But that match was just a prelude to Lawler's shot at Hart. According

to the terms of the contract, if Lawler won the match, he would have five minutes with Hart in the ring.

"I could finally do what I wanted with him," said Lawler.

Indeed, Lawler won the match. When it came to Jimmy Hart to abide by the terms of the contract, he just out-and-out chickened out of the agreement, racing back to the safety of his dressing room.

"I wasn't surprised," said a disappointed Lawler.

Still, Lawler will do all he can to get Hart.

"I want him. I really don't want to sound like I'm going overboard on this, but he really stuck the shiv in my back and twisted it around

"A man can't be a man if he lets people do or say things like Hart did about him. Where's your self-respect if you let a guy step all over you? You don't have none anymore. If I let Hart get away with this, then what's to stop other creeps and bums from thinking they can take the same liberties

with me?

"All these years of hard work, building my rep, making sure all and any who cross my path know they're in for a real tussle if they step on just one of my toes. You gotta have a sense of psyching out your foes. You gotta let them know you're real bad and you'll squash their face if they look at you the wrong way."

"That's why this thing with Hart is so very important to me and my career. I can't let him get away with that kinda garbage. He gotta be stopped dead in his tracks before this goes any further," concluded Lawler.

For his part, Hart isn't sure what all the fuss is about.

"I just told the truth," he insisted. "I said how Lawler is a lazy, gutless swine who hasn't done anything except lower the standards of wrestling. Ain't my fault Lawler can't take the truth. You tell him for me we'll settle this any time he wants. If he's man enough." □

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THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 8)

all work together, help each other without ever getting into any stupid rivalries. When one of us wins, all of us win and that's really important to the whole family," continued Von Erich.

Kerry recently had a classic battle against NWA champion Harley Race in Dallas. Despite failing to wrest away the NWA belt, Von Erich remains confident about eventually capturing the title.

"I'll do it someday," Kerry said. "Someday real soon."

—James Washington



SGT. SLAUGHTER

LANDOVER, MD—Sgt. Slaughter shows no signs of relaxing his animalistic pursuit of WWF Champion Bob Backlund in the near future. If anything, Slaughter seems even more determined to smash the young champion through the mat and escape with the title.

But if Slaughter only grows angry when discussing Backlund, he explodes with cruel rage whenever the mention of Backlund's manager, Arnold Skoaland, comes around.

"Arnold Skoaland is a fat pig, a fat, ugly, stupid, imbecile. Yes, I've had to defend myself against that slob on a few occasions. But pig Skoaland better learn not to push his luck or I'll obliterate him forever," shouts Slaughter.

—John West



STAN HANSEN

ST. LOUIS, MO—How does Big John Studd feel after surviving a grueling six-man tag team match with some of the toughest honchos in all of wrestling?

"Not even a sweat," Studd said, rubbing his dry body. "How can I work up a sweat against lames like Brodie and Huber and Bruiser? Check 'em out, one by one. Brodie should be in a mental ward, right back where he came from, though I think he might be from Mars. Bruiser's an old man, must be 85, 90 by now. And the only reason Huber's in wrestling is 'cause Brusier's his daddy-in-law and protects him as soon as the punk gets in trouble."

"Nah, maybe someday I'll find someone tough enough to

give me a good match, but I kinda doubt it. I guess I'll just go right on bein' invincible," said Studd.

—Buddy Ford

RICHMOND, VA—Together again. Gene and Ole Anderson are re-united, dedicating themselves, maybe even their very wrestling careers, to dethroning NWA tag team champions Paul Jones and Masked Superstar.

Jimmy Snuka and Ray Stevens, still managed by Gene, lost their titles to Jones and Superstar. That bitter loss sticks in the collective throats of the Anderson Brothers.

"I'm not about to forget or forgive what they did to my family," mutters Gene. "They ain't fit to clean my boots much less hold onto the title."

Both Gene and Ole would consider wrestling the Mid-Atlantic tag team champions, George Wells and Dewey Robertson.

"I'd wrestle 'em," said Ole. "Just for a tune-up."

—Carl Salinger

MIA MIAMI, FL—According to May high-level report circulated through the Florida Wrestling Commissioner's office, plans are underway to ban the sadistic brain claw of Baron Von Raschke.

Already a team of attorneys has been consulted to act on behalf of the Commission. Yet many wrestlers have been contacted, as well, giving secret testimony on Von Raschke's brain claw.

A top source within the Commissioner's office refused to discuss when and if the report will become public.

—Myron Roth □

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Inquiring Reporter

(Continued from Page 10)

problem with wrestling now is the total disrespect for law-and-order in the ring. This fine institution is much abused and to throw out yet another form of order is way too dangerous.

Adam Trask, Salinas, California: "My own prejudices say that we should just do away with all divisive territories and different championships and just have one world champion. So you have to

know where I'm coming from. But since you asked, I can't for the life of me see one iota of logic behind denying a capable wrestler a shot at a title."

Mario Ramirez, New Orleans, Louisiana: "I don't see anything bad about that proposal. This way the fans can see what kind of man a wrestler is so a madman like Masked Grappler, the guy we have down here, just doesn't jump right



The fans should have an opportunity to see what a wrestler has to offer before he is given a shot at an area title," says Mario Ramirez. He feels the Masked Grappler (above) stormed into Louisiana and stole the North American title.



Roddy Piper was not in the Mid-Atlantic long enough to be properly scouted before he was given a shot at Ric Flair's U.S. title. Piper won the championship.



Killer Khan received a WWF title match almost immediately after coming into the area. Many fans would prefer to see a wrestler work his way up the ratings than receive an immediate title shot.

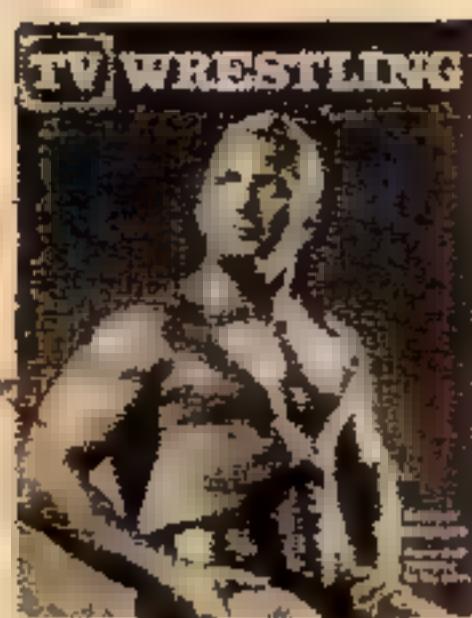
into another area and fool people or swipe a belt from someone by cheating."

Alan Connally, Fort Worth, Texas: "This apprentice route making people go through a certain rung on the ladder is good. For the wrestlers, it gives them experience so they can mature. It gives the champion an opportunity to assess and scout out his future opponent without unfairly dumping someone he's never seen before on him in a title match." □

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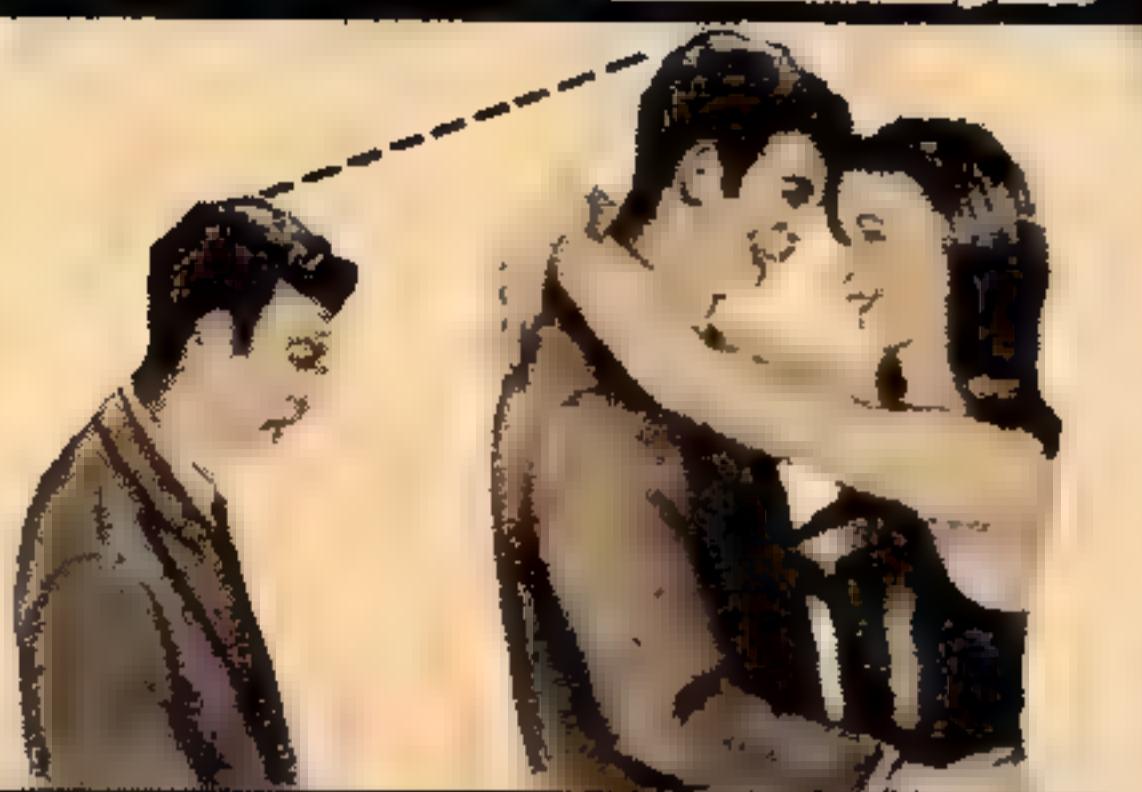
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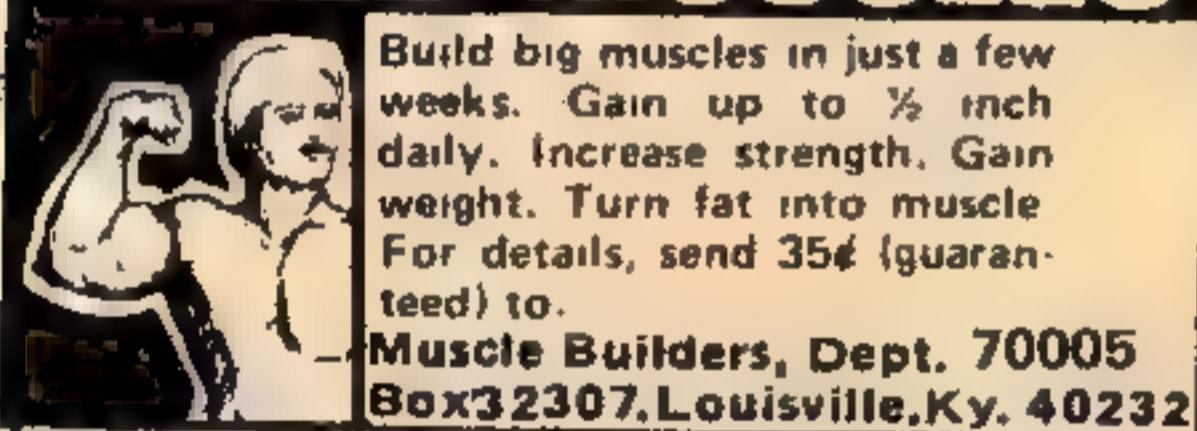
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MAILBAG

(Continued from Page 18)

wrestle? He is the sorriest excuse for an athlete I've ever seen.

He tries to sound intelligent, when it is rather obvious he isn't. And he tries to apply scientific maneuvers and only ends up embarrassing himself. In fact, he embarrasses the whole sport by lousing up holds men have spent years perfecting.

Besides, I don't trust Masked Superstar. I don't think he has the slightest intention of staying as a scientific wrestler. I bet he went through this whole charade just so the real decent men in the Mid-Atlantic area like Ric Flair and Paul Jones would lower their guard.

I say don't trust this masked clown, he's no good.

PHILIP AGEE
Richmond, VA

BOOSTING BROOKS

I really like and admire Killer Brooks' wrestling style. I can't imagine a finer wrestler or great example of an upstanding citizen than Brooks. I hope he conquers all of Texas wrestling and wins a major championship.

KEITH LANE
Amarillo, TX

CRUSHER LIES

I have been a wrestling fan for 10 years now. I've attended several matches in the



"Crusher" Jerry Blackwell uses his bulk to knock Crusher off balance. Blackwell has shown a lot in his battles with Crusher, writes Barry Dezee Jr.

Milwaukee and Chicago areas. I keep track mostly in the AWA area. In the recent past I've seen matches between Crusher and Jerry Blackwell. From what I've observed, Crusher, contrary to what he says, has not soundly defeated Blackwell.

You have to give Jerry Blackwell credit for pursuing Crusher so vigorously, a diligence not shown by any other wrestler.

WILLIAM DEZEE JR.
Sioux Falls, SD



Reader Allan Meltzer disagrees with our advice to Pedro Morales not to team with Andre the Giant.

MIGHT STAY

After reading "Memo to Pedro Morales: Teaming With Andre Will Hurt Your Career" (February/1981), I must agree with you that Pedro might be hurting himself by teaming with Andre. And if they should win the WWF tag team title in the future, nobody knows how long Andre the Giant will stay.

But that is as far as I can agree, because the most important thing nobody takes into consideration is that Andre, should he and Pedro win the title, just might decide to stay around a while.

ALLAN MELTZER
Bellmore, NY. □

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PEDRO MORALES

(Continued from Page 35)



Khan uses the ropes to add leverage to his brutal attack. Day after day, Morales faces the pressure of competing with the WWF's most vicious rulebreakers. He doesn't heed the extra pressure he puts on himself.

That a man of Morales' character should even have to shout out his credentials bespeaks the anxieties he feels. What makes matters worse, Morales' character isn't questioned, nor are his talents. No one except die-hard supporters of Patera and his gang could truly believe

Morales capable of such a devious scheme.

The "Intercontinental" title simply means too much to Morales. He would never tarnish it. He loves his fans too much and has worked far too hard to reach his position to jeopardize his reputation.

But Morales feels he is under

siege, under a cloud of doubt. He feels he must prove himself again and thus displays a remarkable ferocity in all his matches. Never one to ease up under any circumstances, Morales goes full blown, 1,000 percent every single second of the day. But that overwhelming determination to prove himself while at the same time fighting off such brutal challengers as Killer Khan and Sgt. Slaughter, is wearing Pedro down.



Finally, Morales has taken enough. As Khan charges forward to attack, Pedro lifts him in the air with an open-handed left to the midsection.

Compounding his dilemma is Morales' incredible pride. He would never admit to pain or never beg off from a match because of injury. He would never betray his fans. And he certainly won't admit to mental and physical exhaustion.

Unless Morales learns to reset his priorities, harness his strengths and save his mental energies for the fights ahead, he may lose his precious title.

"Nothing could be worse for me, you know, nothing," he said. "I would not be the same man if I lose the title. This title is all to me. I love my belt. My fans love me. I could not lose it. I will make everyone proud of me."

If only Morales would understand, everyone already is proud of him. □

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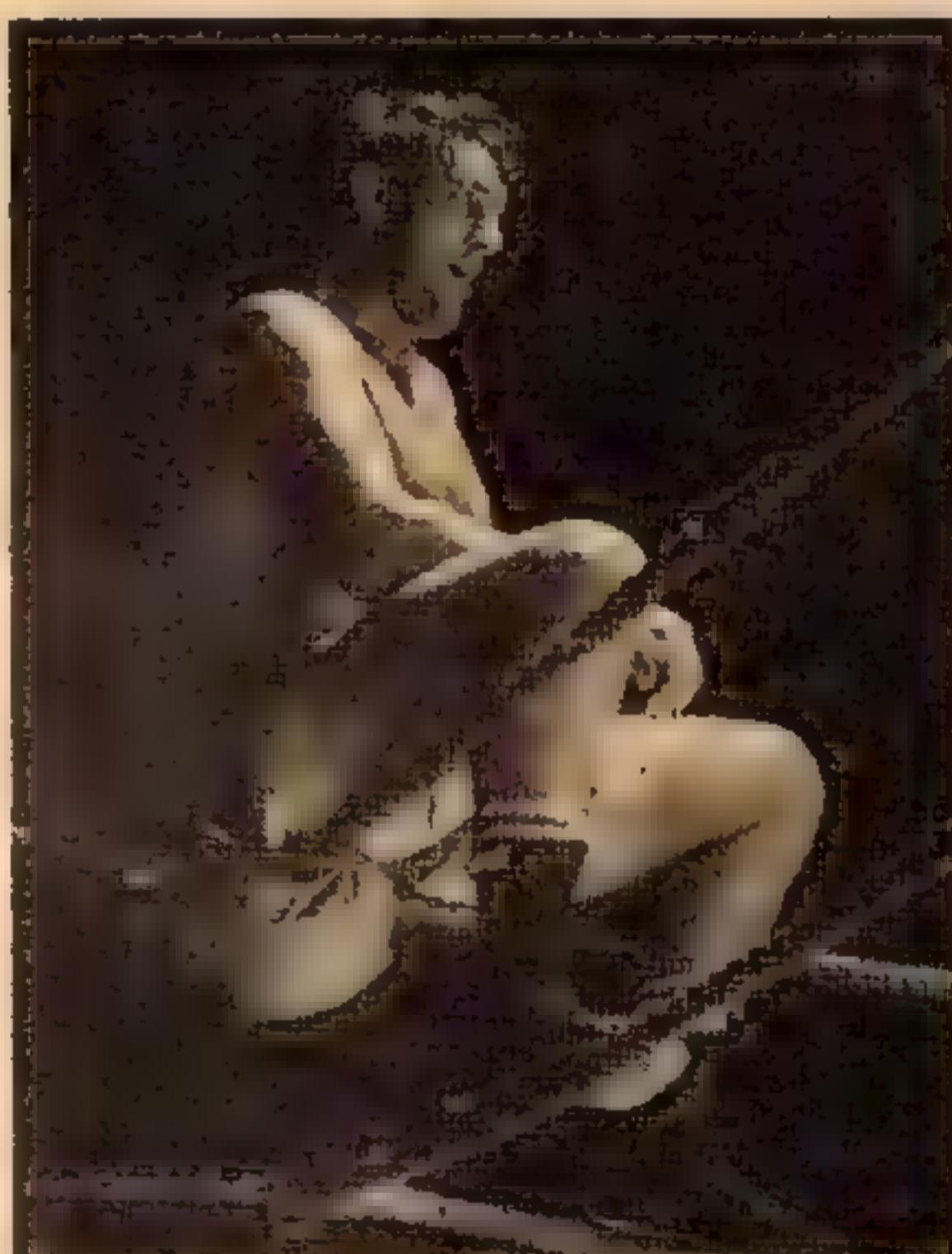
SCRAPBOOK

(Continued from Page 43)

Haben Muhad. Muhad's first act after returning to the U.S. was to purchase the contract of the Great Mephisto . . . In Memphis, Tommy Rich won an 18-man Battle Royal when he backdropped Jerry Lawler over the top rope. It was Tommy's first Battle Royal victory and the \$9,000 check came in very handy for the young man . . . Bruiser showed the compassionate side of a professional wrestler when he hosted a March of Dimes Telethon in Indianapolis . . . Billy Robinson, a perennial AWA challenger, missed winning the NWA title by the slightest of margins from



Ole and Gene Anderson reigned as NWA tag team champions. Even today the brothers are still united both in the ring and in their hate for their younger brother, Lars.



British star Billy Robinson rests on the turnbuckles as his draw with NWA champion Terry Funk is officially announced. The match, fought scientifically throughout, lasted the full 45 minutes without a pin.

Terry Funk. The scientific match went to a 45-minute draw . . . The Philadelphia Spectrum ring had to be reinforced for its two main events as Andre the Giant pummeled Ernie Ladd and Superstar Graham defeated Gorilla Monsoon on cuts . . .

WWF RATINGS: 1-Bruno Sammartino; 2-Superstar Graham; 3-Ivan Koloff; 4-Stan Hansen; 5-Bobo Brazil; 6-Ivan Putski; 7-Ernie Ladd; 8-Bugsy McGraw; 9-Scandor Akbar; 10-Louis Cyr. NWA RATINGS: 1-Terry Funk; 2-Dusty Rhodes; 3-Jack Brisco; 4-Blackjack Mulligan; 5-The Sheik; 6-Fritz Von Erich; 7-Paul Jones; 8-Billy Robinson; 9-Chavo Guerrero; 10-Dory Funk Jr. AWA RATINGS: 1-Nick Bockwinkel; 2-Verne Gagne; 3-Larry Hennig; 4-Pampero Firpo; 5-Jos LeDuc; 6-Baron Von Raschke; 7-Blackjack Lanza; 8-Ox Baker; 9-Bobby Duncum; 10-Greg Gagne. TAG TEAMS: 1-Ole & Gene Anderson; 2-Tony Parisi & Louis Cerdan; 3-Bruiser & Crusher; 4-The Mongols; 5-Bob Roop & Bob Orton Jr.; 6-Black Gordman & Goliath; 7-Pat Patterson & Pedro Morales; 8-Bobby Duncum & Blackjack Lanza; 9-The Valiant Brothers; 10-Chris Colt & Larry Poffo. □

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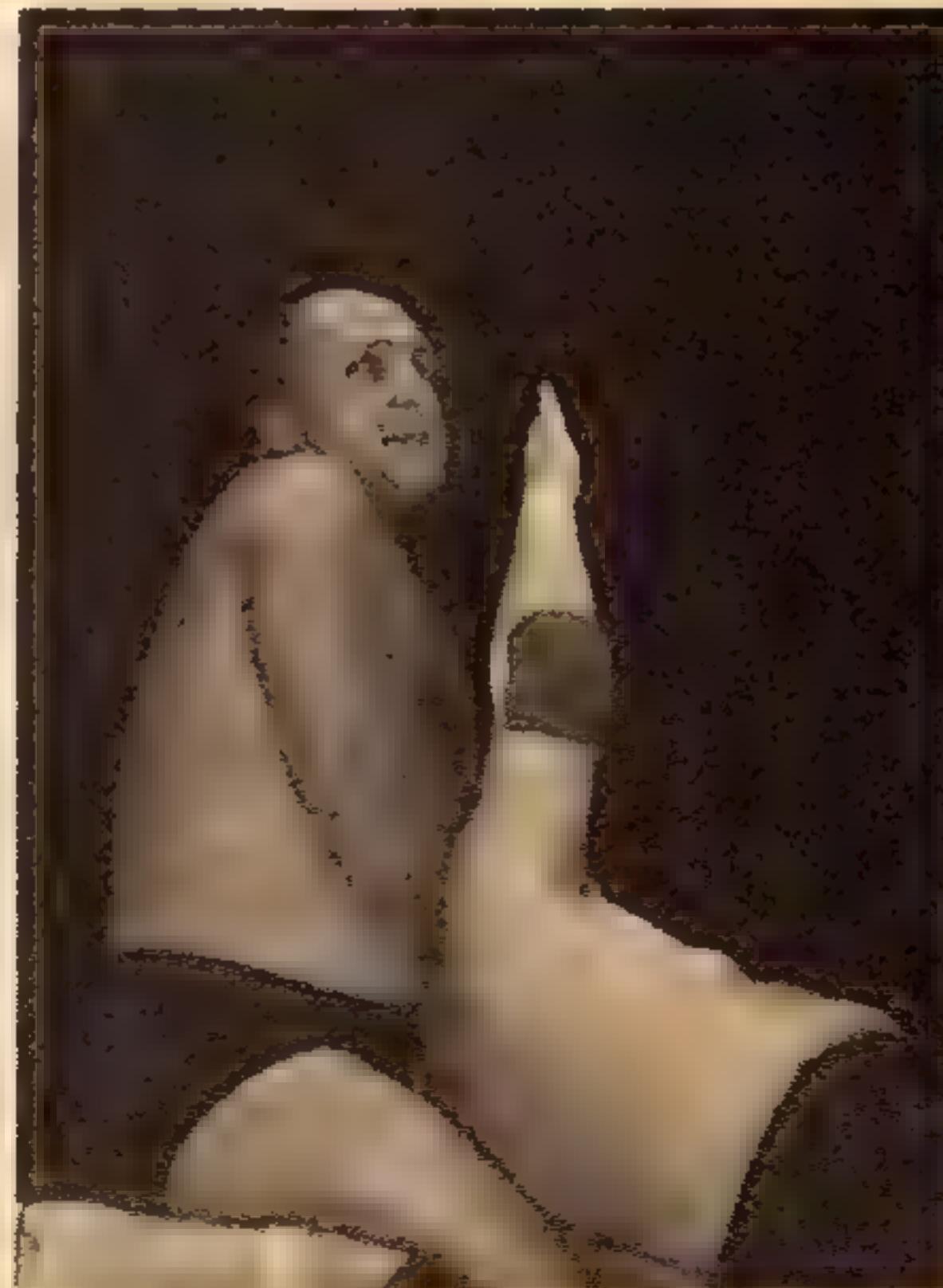
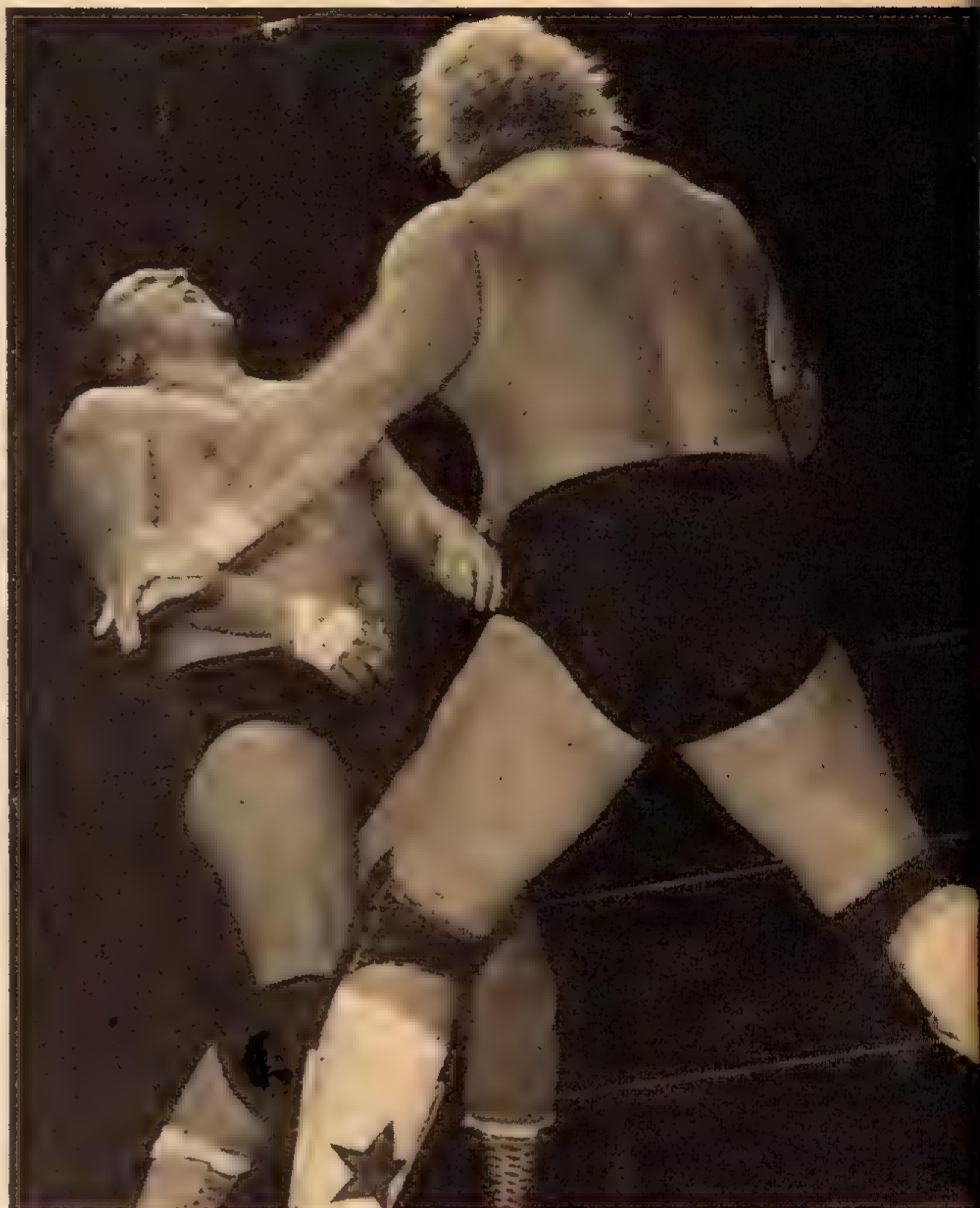
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KILLER KARL KOX

(Continued from Page 37)



Killer Kox bellows in pain as Rhodes slams his avenging fists into the villain's mid-section (above). Kox believes he may finish off Dusty with a painful grab of Dusty's hair (left).

veins of rage to appear on "The Tower of Power's" skin.

"If it ain't Dusty the Whale, America's favorite Mama's Boy," Kox guffawed. "Is your mama gonna come and help you tonight? Is she gonna wipe off your blood, precious little mama's boy? Maybe I should save her the trip and mail her back one of your earrings. With your ear still hooked on, little itsy bitsy mama's boy."

Rhodes became filled with rage,

He charged across the ring and rammed his skull into Kox's stomach, jarring the villainous cretin and bouncing him off the ropes. Dusty grabbed at Kox again and began pounding his face against the canvas.

Suddenly, Dusty stopped and returned to his corner.

"He said something to me and I wouldn't take that, not from him, not from anybody. I won't say what it was, but I was aware that I wasn't behaving like Dusty. My mama wouldn't have been proud of me."

That was as much as Dusty would say on the subject. He prepared for his following matches against Killer without his usual pre-match publicity. Again, when questioned, he would only respond with his declaration of disgust for Kox's wrestling philosophy.

Until their last match. Then Dusty Rhodes opened up! "All that garbage about sticks and stones is just that, garbage. If someone mouths off to you you should stop them right there.

"It wasn't that he said the truth. I can take a few lies. But mentioning my dear mama. How dare he? I wasn't talking about it because I really wasn't sure how to explain it. This guy is a filthy ape. Maybe someday he'll join the human race and stand up from his four paws. But I kind of doubt it.

"Now all I care about is closing his mouth with my fists. If I resort to his ways I'm really no better than he is. And everyone knows what Dusty Rhodes is all about."

In that bout, Rhodes completely punished Kox. He used every conceivable hold he ever learned, a wide smile accompanying his every move. Then came the bionic elbow. It crushed Kox into the mat and left a huge indentation where the ugly face of Kox had been.

"Whale?" Dusty laughed loudly. "The only one spouting is Kox. And I do like that red water of his." □

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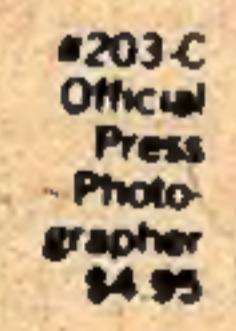
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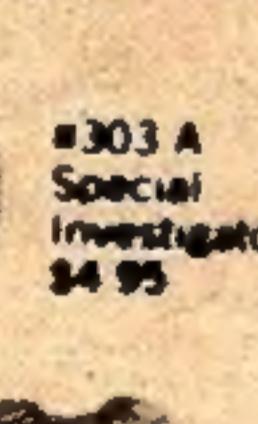
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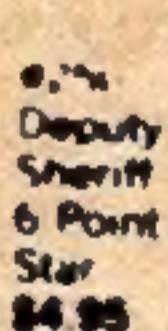
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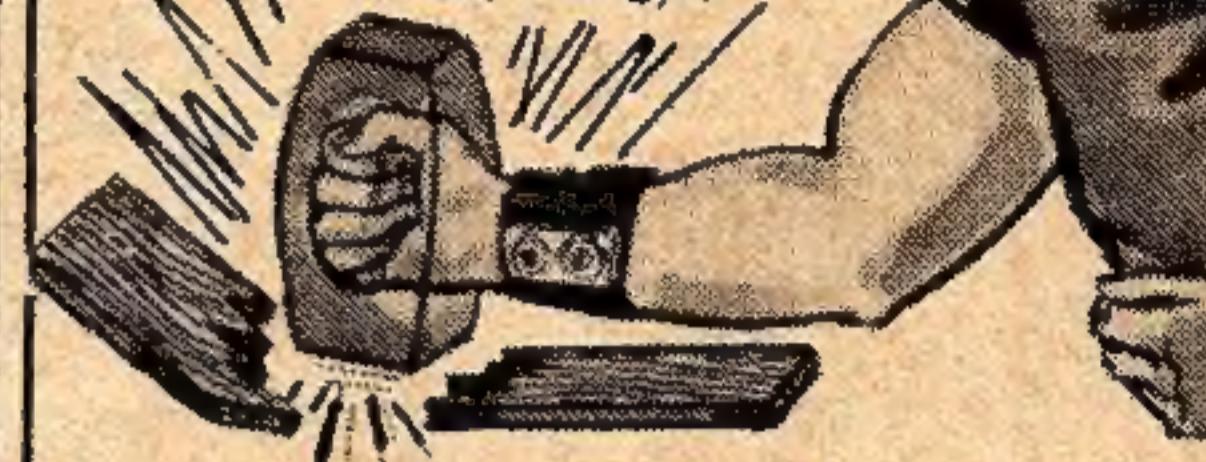
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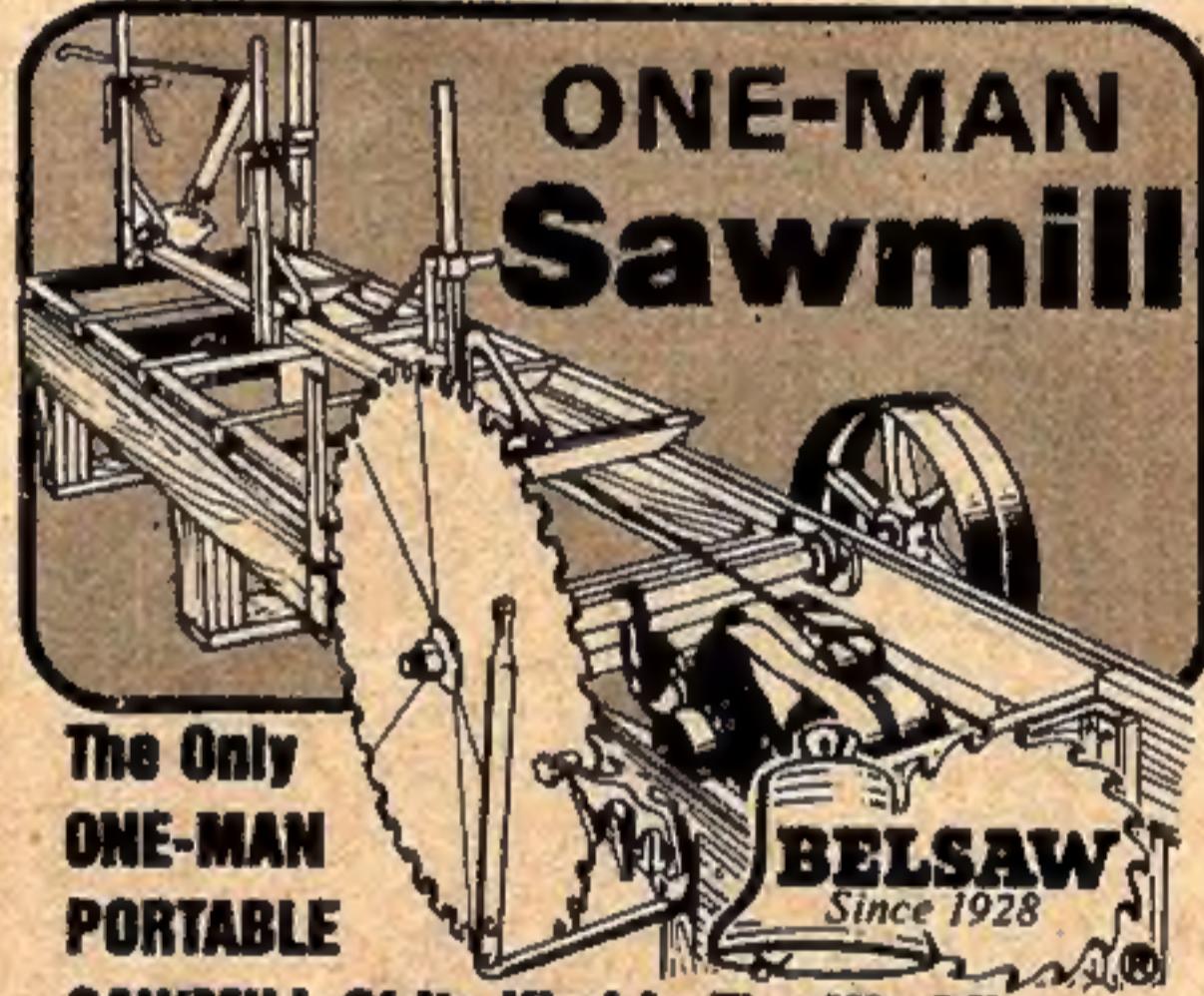
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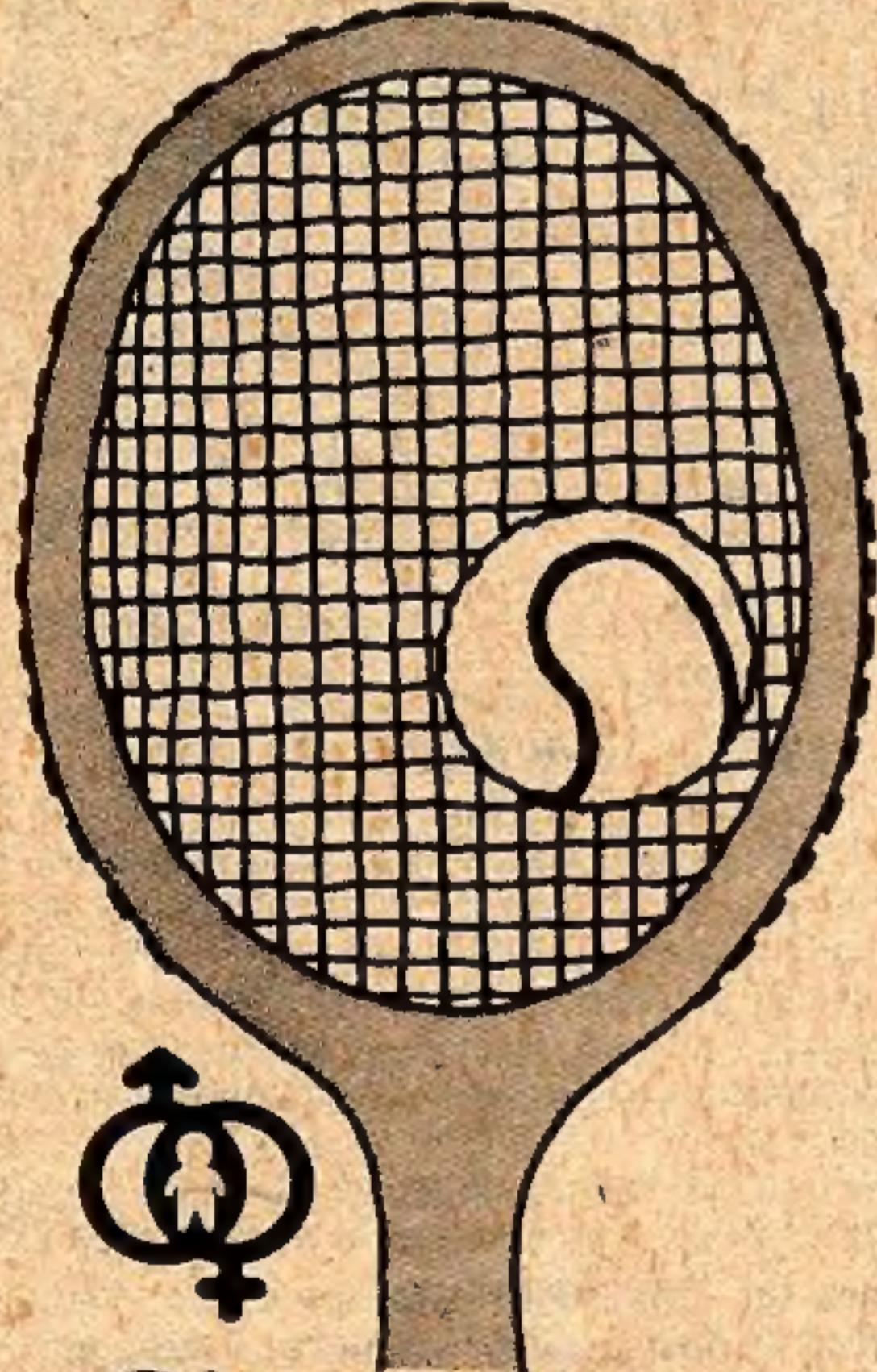
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MILLION DOLLAR WILDCAT

(Continued from Page 47)



Miranda strategically plants her knee in Portia's back and yanks her leg and head.

with reckless cruelty. Everything was new and splendid for the novice warrior. She grabbed her foe around the neck and squeezed mercilessly. As she felt Portia's wondrous body go limp from agony, Miranda grew more powerful, as if she was parasitically feasting on her foe's body.

Every move was an adventure. Miranda released her headlock only to immediately capture Portia in a head scissors lock. The sight was majestic in its horror. Miranda's voluptuous beauty was tensed to physical perfection; her long legs entwined around her foe with awesome power. In agony, Portia's body writhed and flopped with a terrified fury. The blonde's hands scratched and punched at her tormentor's limbs. Yet the blows were ineffectual. The end seemed near.

Then, Miranda let out a bloodcurdling scream. Her legs snapped open for an instant revealing the reason. Portia's teeth were sunk deep into the soft flesh of the inside of her thigh. Once the blonde was free, she released the bite and rolled away. The two women

separated and stood six feet apart.

Miranda was a different woman. Gone was the awkwardness and fear of the crowd. She sensed the adoration of the spectators. She glanced at the men staring at her beauty. With instinctive understanding, she knew the effect she was having. She was more than acceptable. She was highly desirable.

Portia noted her foe's attention to the crowd. While Miranda courted the crowd, Portia ran head first into Miranda's belly. The blonde doubled over and flipped in the air. She fell to the carpet, momentarily stunned. Portia was on her in an instant.

From there, the two women rolled, writhed, and thrashed across the plush carpet. There was a swirl of limbs as they tore into each other. The furious pace seemed impossible to maintain, yet neither seemed to tire. No part of either body was free from punishing assault. It was a brutal exhibition of wrestling fury.

Portia was the first to slow down. Miranda continued to be replenished by the crowd's attention. Portia started to go on the defensive, hoping to tire out her opponent. Rarely has such cunning been displayed in an apartment wrestling match. Reckless, Miranda couldn't penetrate the brilliant defense. Giddy with combat, she never realized how little she was accomplishing.

Eventually, Miranda's movements grew sluggish. The animal grace that thrilled everyone had disappeared. In its place was an ugly savagery, out of control and intent on destruction. As can happen

in that situation, the destruction came to the destroyer.

Portia waited for her moment with a veteran's patience. Then, her chance came. Miranda tried to get her in a headlock. Stepping under her foe's grasp, Portia circled Miranda in a bearhug. She lifted her foe off the ground and squeezed with all her strength. Miranda's magnificent body arched in agony. Her long, powerful legs kicked with a furious desperation, tattooing Portia's thighs with a series of kicks. The blonde kept clutching, consciously ignoring the pain.

Miranda's ferocity waned. Her kicks became weak and ineffectual. Her cries of rage were replaced by moans of pain. The hold seemed to last forever. Portia's body trembled with the strain; her voluptuous figure vibrated with tension. Every muscle in the blonde screamed for release, but Portia wouldn't—or couldn't—surrender her advantage.

Yet, all the determination in the world can't overcome physical exhaustion. All of a sudden, Portia's body fell limp. Both women crumpled to the carpet. Portia, on one knee, stared at Miranda, rolled on her side. Unspoken, they declared a truce with their eyes.

Dr. Young rushed to his young patient. Though her body was exhausted, it was a splendid exhaustion. She smiled up at Dr. Young with an expression of exquisite freedom.

"I can survive," she whispered, "I can survive anywhere."

"Miranda, you can flourish," Dr. Young said. "You may not have won the match, but you conquered everything else. You're a wonderful woman."

"I am," Miranda said with awe in her voice, as if reciting a prayer, "I am a wonderful woman." □

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